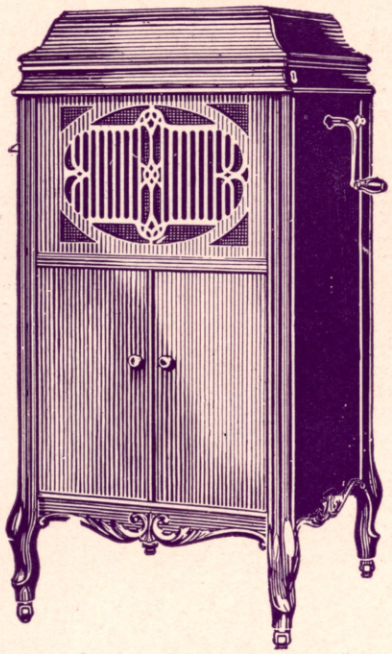
# The RING

*Executives Offices*
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
New York, N. Y.

15 Cents Per Copy: $1.50 Per Year

JULY, 1923

# Sportsmen Require Action Plus Perfect Performance



## Brunswick Records

Are reproduced with all their "pep" and rhythm on Brunswick Phonographs, the universal choice of music lovers.

**Hear Record 2438**

**By Isham Jones Famous Dance Orchestra**

*Dealers Everywhere*

Brunswick
PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS

**The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company**
CHICAGO NEW YORK CINCINNATI

## Summertime Is Playtime

Baseball, Tennis, Golf, Swimming—whatever the sport—insist upon Spalding equipment and **Satisfaction.**

Let the Spalding catalogue aid you in selecting equipment best suited to your game—and purse.

A. G. Spalding & Bros

126 Nassau St. NEW YORK 523 Fifth Ave.
589 Broad Street, Newark



*ON ALL NEWSSTANDS TODAY!*

THE

## 1923 EVERLAST BOXING RECORD AND BLUE BOOK

"BOXING'S BAEDEKER"

"The most concise and interesting boxing guide we have ever seen."
—N. Y. Telegram.

"One of the best volumes of boxing records ever issued."—N. Y. Herald.

"About the best record book ever published."
—N. Y. Sun.

"One of the best directories of the kind ever put out."
—N. Y. Morning Telegraph.

"The assertion by the publishers that the Little book is a 'veritable Eldorado of informative and entertaining reading on matters fistic' is not extravagant."
—N. Y. World.

"One of the most concise and interesting boxing record books published in recent years."
—N. Y. Globe.

**Contains 175 records and photos of prominent boxers, 250 managers' names, addresses and stables, daily fight results from Jan. 1st to Dec. 31st, 1922, and a wealth of information for the promoter, matchmaker, manager, boxer and fan.**

**ON NEWS-STANDS, 25c. BY MAIL, 30c.**

**EVERLAST SPORTING GOODS MFG. CO.**
275 BOWERY NEW YORK CITY



**SEND A CHECK FOR $1.50 WITH THIS SLIP**

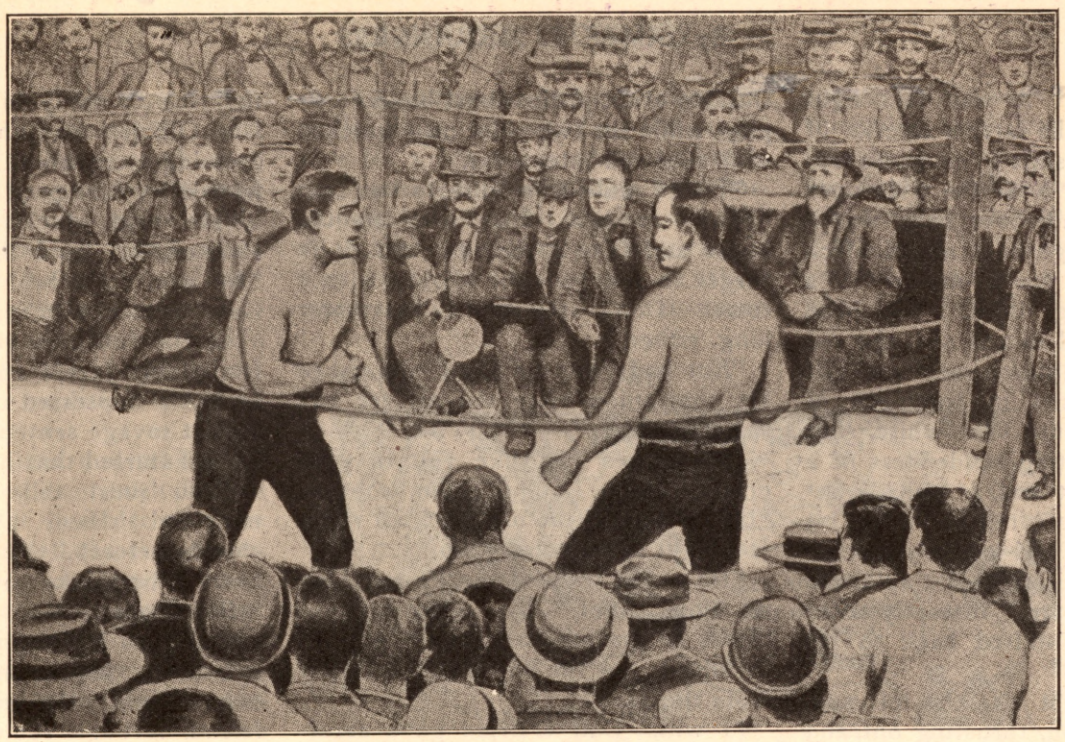
**Mail it to The Ring, Inc., Madison Square Garden, New York City, and receive The Ring for one year. The World's Greatest Boxing Magazine.**

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

# Another Scene of the Famous Sullivan-Kilrain Battle



*The above photo was taken at Richbourg on July 8, 1889*

## TABLE OF CONTENTS


The Defeated Champion—James K. McGuinness..... 4
Prey to the Pleasures of Life—Frank Flournoy..... 5
Ingenius Publicity Stunts—Clarence Gillespie..... 6
Fugilism's Two Great Dudes—A. D. Phillips..... 7
As We See It—Editorial—Nat Fleischer..... 8
Jack Renault, Destroyer of Black Hopes..... 10
The Man of a Million Socks..... 11
When Joy Turned Into Gloom—Clarence Turner..... 11
Joe Walcott Now Sets 'Em Up..... 11
Big Boys of Diamond and Roped Arena—Frederick G. Lieb 12
To Take the Cash—Verse—Walter Trumbull..... 14
A Psalm of Strife—Verse—Grantland Rice..... 14
Sonnets of a Pug—James K. McGuinness..... 14
History of Boxing—Chapter XVII—Nat Fleischer..... 15
The Corkscrew Punch—Hyatt Daab..... 17
Johnny Coulon Sounds Lesson to "Iron Men"—Frank Graham ..... 17
Jeffries' Opinion of Dempsey..... 18
What Corbett Thinks of Dempsey..... 18
Endurance Bouts Detrimental to Boxing—John L. (Ike) Dorgan ..... 19
A Ring Freak Who Could Fight—Lt. Heinie Miller..... 22
Old Fistic Trainers—Jack Skelly..... 23
They Almost Made It—Knockout Brown—Vernon Van Ness ..... 24
Results of Boxing Bouts..... 25
Managers' Directory..... 27
Shadows of the Past—Ad Wolgast—Frank C. Coultry.... 29
Minute Rests Betwen Rounds—Eddie Borden..... 31
Outlaw Boxing Suggested Remedies—Mal McGilvery.... 30



Vol. 2 JULY, 1923 No. 6

# THE RING

*"The World's Foremost Boxing Magazine"*

THE RING, Inc.

General Offices: Evening Telegram Building, New York, N. Y.

*15 cents per copy* Published Monthly *$1.50 per year*

Business and Editorial Offices:
New York Evening Telegram Building, 16th Street and 7th Avenue, New York, N. Y.
NAT. S. FLEISCHER, President and Editor FRANK E. COULTRY, Vice-President
J. L. DORGAN, Secretary and Treasurer



The entire contents and photos of this magazine are copyrighted and must not be used without permission.



All mail should be addressed to Evening Telegram Building
Sole U. S. and Canadian Distributors Outside of Greater New York: Hotaling News Agency, 203 West 41st Street, New York City, N. Y.

Entered as second-class matter in New York City, March 3, 1922, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

# The Defeated Victory

By JAMES K. McGUINNESS

ALTHOUGH it was still light outside, the farther interior of the makeshift gymnasium was deep in shadow. Near the wide open doors of the made-over barn was a semi-circle of brightness, about which a lithe, sturdy youth moved in a strange, shuffling dance. His head bobbed as he slid in and out, the red hair alive in the autumn sunshine. His left hand, encased in bandages of gauze that had once been white, shot out with the darting suddenness of a bird taking flight and as quickly returned. Every so often he swung his right leg forward and his body lurched after it. Then his right fist followed a short, choppy arc. Instantly after each assault he shifted back to his normal position.

Nearly always it was the left arm that was in action, thrusting out and recovering; thrusting out and recovering.

Two older men were standing, half in the gloom, at the edge of the brightened area. They watched intently. After a time one of them dropped to the floor a set of boxing gloves he was holding and started towards the youngster.

"Watch that left, Jack," he said in a sharp tone. "You're dropping it when you bring it back. I've told you a thousand times about that.

"Now watch," he commanded and sparred off. He illustrated his words with action.

"You shoot your left straight out, like that. What does that do? It makes your shoulder cover your jaw, don't it? Sure it does. But if you drop your hand just a couple of inches, what happens? Your jaw is open, ain't it? Sure it is. An' all a good, clean hitter needs is one sock at sumpin' like that an' it's curtains for you. Bring your left back on the same road it travels goin' out. You gotta do that; you gotta."

"But my arms are tired, dad," the younger man objected.

"Sure they are," the man addressed as "dad" agreed. "That's jes' why I want you to use that left the right way. Any dub can do it when he's fresh, but only a champion can do it when he's tired.

"One more round an' we'll call it a day," he added.

The youth went at his shadow boxing again, that strangely graceful training stunt professional boxers employ, while the two older men watched with renewed intentness.

"Time!" called the director at last. "That's enough. Run over to the house and take a shower. An' don't forget to rub yourself briskly with a towel. Don't stay under the water long, either."

"Not bad; was he Dan?" he asked his companion after the athlete had sprinted away.

"He moves just like you in your prime," said Dan O'Brien soberly. "He's a chip of the old block all right. He ought to be a champion."

"He ought to be if there's anything in blood lines," the other agreed. "Let's be getting back to the house," he added, and the two strolled slowly from the barn.

"I will," Dan O'Brien gave assurance. Then he followed the young boxer and his seconds through the doorway.

It seemed but an instant until the scion of the old champion was weaving about his opponent, pecking at him, stabbing him with a whip-like left, rocking his head in the fashion that old timers knew as that of his father. Two, three, four rounds it went thus, with Fred Oches often enough staggered. But the newer man, puzzled and unsettled by the iron resistance of his foe, who refused to go down under terrific punishment, slowly began to lose confidence. Novices often are affected that way. Even tried veterans become disappointed when their antagonists show unhuman persistence in keeping on their feet.

The sixth found the tide of battle swinging away from the youngster, who until then had ruled supreme. Suddenly, ere the round was half over, Oches feinted with his right hand. It was an obvious feint, but it fooled the tiring Murray. Like a flash then, the experienced man hooked his left fist in an abrupt arc and almost as it crashed against his opponent's jaw, the right, swung from the hips, shot squarely home. The son of the greatest featherweight the world had ever known fell like a sack of flour. His neck was the first part of his body to hit the canvas, and while the referee tolled off a wholly unnecessary count, he lay lifeless on the floor.

Before his seconds had started into the ring to carry him to his corner, Dan O'Brien was on the way to the dressing room where the blind warrior waited for tidings of the fray.

"He won, Jack! He won!" he shouted, his head through the door. "He won! I'll be back in a minute. Goin' to meet him."

At the end of a runway he waited for young Jack's coming, and when he came impressed on him in a few, almost savage sentences the deception he had started that he must carry out.

"You must tell him you won," muttered Dan O'Brien through clenched teeth. "It will break his heart if he thinks you didn't."

So, reluctantly and protesting, young Jack Murray resumed the slow march to his dressing room. He entered, while the seconds and the old friend, through some strange hesitation, held back.

In a minute the beaten fighter reappeared. His face was ashen grey in the hooded light above the door.

"Did you tell him?" whispered his father's friend.

The son shook his head.

"I'll never tell him anything again," he said, slowly. "One of you call the doctor." His voice broke and his head drooped. "The old man's gone.... gone.... and he thinks I won."

---

It pays to advertise in this magazine. The readers of THE RING are men who buy.

**The Last Word in a Billiard and Bowling Institution**

**Rational Recreation, Inc.**

**398-406 FULTON STREET**
**BROOKLYN, N. Y.**

# Prey to the Pleasures of Life

By FRANK FLOURNOY

WE all know of the improvident boxer, the champion who made a fortune and then squandered it, but we seldom hear of the fight manager who made a big bank roll and died in comparative poverty. There doubtless are any number of managers who never acquired much in the way of this world's goods, and if we knew of all the pilots who died poor we probably would be shocked.

One must sort them out, taking the managers of champions much like an elimination contest in order to have any room at all to tell the sad stories. Probably there are boxers who would hardly consider it a sad story to hear of a manager dying poor, but there is at least one fight manager who has slipped across the great divide, who left behind him a legion of friends who lamented his sorry plight during the last few years of his life.

Probably it isn't asking too much to recall that famous little pilot, Willis Britt, who was the mentor and gate-watcher, match maker and what not for Jimmy Britt—and other boys, too—the lightweight champion of not many years ago. Willis is the fellow we have in mind.

When he was doing the business administration of the lightweight championship and Jimmy, his own blood brother, was doing the fighting end of it, Willis earned a small fortune for himself as Jimmy earned a larger one, yet when Jimmy lost the championship Willis was broke, and James, a wise young lad if ever there was one, had most of his, or a good part of it, left intact.

Willis, who started his public career out in 'Frisco as a reporter, had many strange ways of wasting his money. He always claimed that what he got for his money was fun and that that was all he cared about. He never complained, though there were thin days when he went without eating because he had spent his last bit of cash the day before in one big "blow out."

Willis—whose first name was William—was an amateur boxer when his younger brother Jimmy also was a simon pure out in 'Frisco. They say that Willis was faster and could hit harder than Jimmy, and many believe that he would have made a greater fighter than his brother. However that may be, it remains a fact that when Jimmy turned pro Willis became his manager and ever after that while Jimmy remained in the ring—save for a few times when the brothers quarreled—Willis made hard bargains in behalf of his brother and took all that he could grab, as the saying is. He was what is termed in these modern days a Hard-Boiled manager.

But no sooner than Willis collected his share of a good gate than he would proceed to spend it. He used to sit and devise strange ways of making himself "democratic" as he was wont to designate the condition referred to as "broke." One of his favorites was to hire a taxi, ride a few blocks, go into some popular resort, command the taxi driver to keep the motor running. Sometimes the driver would shut off the machine. Out would come Willis, all excited, shouting: "Keep that engine running. Think I'm going to let you bunk me. What do you think I am paying you for."

He was a liberal fellow to his friends, gave away more than he could remember and lent more than his friends, to whom he lent, could recall. He finally cashed in and his estate was a mighty thin one.

We point Willis Britt out as an example. There are many others. After all it isn't just the boxers who waste fortunes, ofttimes their wise managers, the so-called watch dogs of the dough bag, fall just as easily for the pleasures of life, the lures of a hot sport.

ONCE UPON A TIME. —By KESSLER.

*Mention The Ring*

When doing business with any of our advertisers, kindly mention THE RING.

**DEALERS ATTENTION**

**The Ring is now selling in 137 cities of this country, in Panama, Trinidad, Cuba, Santo Domingo, Hayti, England, France, Australia and Canada, but there are still some sections that can be exploited. If The Ring is not sold in your territory, and you are eager to handle the sale and distribution, write to the Publisher, The Ring, Evening Telegram Building, New York City.**

# Ingenious Publicity Stunts

By CLARENCE GILLESPIE
Former Editor of The Police Gazette

BARNUM said only about one-tenth of it when he made his justly famous remark about the birth rate of suckers. Events of the modern sporting era prove that Barnum wasn't acquainted with the modern fight promoter and his publicity men. The guilable public, however, now demands to be led on in a bit more scientific and gentler manner than in the time when Barnum was coaxing the boys into his museum.

Take the big fights of today. Long before a boxer is signed, a promoter figures that a certain bout would be acceptable to the public. He sets about working up interest in the affair in devious ways. He has his publicity man make a bald announcement that such and such a promoter is thinking of staging a bout between this champion and such and such a challenger.

A little later the publicity man announces that the champion is willing but will have to fulfill several circus engagements before he can think of fighting. Then the publicity man makes another announcement. He issues a few brief remarks from the challenger to the effect that the challenger is willing to fight for nothing just for the chance to win the championship.

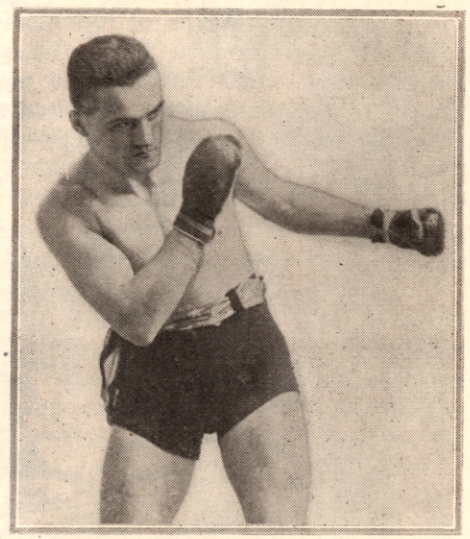
The public may or may not be nibling much at this stage. However, the announcements take on the virtue of being news and therefore are published in the daily papers. Eventually challenged and challenger say what they think of each other and these statements become news and receive more publicity.

Bids from this town and that one are received, public interest livens up. Writers on the daily papers comment, sometimes adversely, sometimes otherwise. It seems as though even adverse comment helps to promote a fight. Finally it materializes, as the promotor hoped it would; the fight is on, the public pays a huge sum to see the champion defend his title and everyone apparently is happy.

Or, as sometimes is the case, a champion finds it impossible to get a worthy antagonist who will make the fight a paying one. Then the champion's manager does some "ballyhooing," as the pre-fight advertising is known. The same procedure is gone through as in the case of the promoter, with slight variations. A challenger is "built" up in various ways and finally a bout is held. The end is achieved.

It requires a keen knowledge of human nature to put across a big boxing bout, especially a championship affair. Promoter, fight manager, publicity man, all have to be wide awake to every chance that presents itself. The promoter, the manager, the fighters all are well rewarded for their work.

The promoters and fight managers are cognizant of the public feeling. They merely create an item or two of news and then keep "ballyhooing" it. And it works out. The public is guilable, ever so, and so it takes the "ballyhooing," likes it and in the end pays for it.



*Jeff Smith, Al Lippe's star middleweight, who is trying to get a match with Champion Johnny Wilson*

One of the oddest publicity stunts for a fight that was not a championship one was engineered by Al Lippe, manager of Jeff Smith, a fighter par excellence, a real credit to a sport in which he has thrived for many years. Ten years or so ago Jeff was given an ivory and gold belt by the enthusiastic citizens of Paris, who acclaimed him the "world's middleweight champion." Jeff's claim to the title was disputed and authorities never recognized yet always gave Jeff credit for being a good, honest, clean-cut fighter, a real top notcher in the middleweight class.

Now the chances are that Jeff forgot about his belt, not being hard pressed for money and therefore was never curious enough to ascertain the value of the trophy. But a little while ago Jeff had an engagement to box Harry Greb down in Atlanta. The bout didn't seem to attract much attention and Lippe, shrewd and good manager that he is, was desperate for some means to prop up interest in the affair.

He snooped around and then one day became possessed of a great idea. A few days later it was announced that Smith's championship belt, given to him by the French, had been lost in the mails between New York and New Orleans where the belt was being sent to be put on public exhibition.

Dominick Tortorich, to whom the belt was sent, declared he never received it. Lippe claimed he sent it and offered to produce a receipt from the post office department. Tortorich wrote to Lippe; Lippe wrote to Tortorich. The letters were published in New Orleans, Atlanta and other Southern cities that might send quotas of spectators to the bout in Atlanta and aroused considerable interest. Everywhere in the South fight fans discussed Jeff Smith's lost championship belt.

All trace of the belt seemed to be lost. Then one day a trapper named Brooks, at Hogansville, Ga., reported that he had found the belt alongside of a railroad trestle. The finding of the belt in this locality aroused still more interest and no end of speculation. The theory was that the belt had been rifled from the mails and thrown overboard from a passing train by the thief, probably a bold bandit, who failed to realize the value the belt had.

Other theories were advanced, but none seemed to be just the right one. The Atlanta newspapers ran pictures of the belt, of the trapper who found it, of the owner, Smith, and accompanied them with column stories that helped boost the fight.

It was a good press agent yarn despite the contention of our good friend Al Lippe that the belt actually was rifled in the mail. But it was a good one and it fooled a lot of folks, including some who wrote about it.

It goes down with many other ingenious publicity stunts, the inside workings of which would make entertaining reading. The men who promote fights and other sport events are pretty good judges of human nature. They cater to the guiless public in just the way the public likes to be catered to. And the public must like it, because they pay real money, and a lot of it, to see sporting events that are well advertised.

# Pugilism's Two Great Dudes—Mike Leonard and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien

By A. D. PHILLIPS

BOXERS nowadays, especially the champions who have comfortable bank rolls, are pretty well dressed, in fact fellows like Benny Leonard, Jack Dempsey, et al, make a nifty appearance on the Rialto as they pass by the admiring throngs. Yet even these boys who easily could be designated as "classy dressers" would look ordinary, yes, even commonplace, alongside of those two Beau Brummel's of the ring of "the good old days," Mike Leonard and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien.

Take Mike Leonard and his cutaway coat, his stripped trousers, his stock tie, his opera hat, his patent leather shoes, his black pearl shirt studs with cuff links to match, his nifty Inverness overcoat and his cane, and compare him to some of the boys before and since his day who affected other fashions and you have a great contrast.

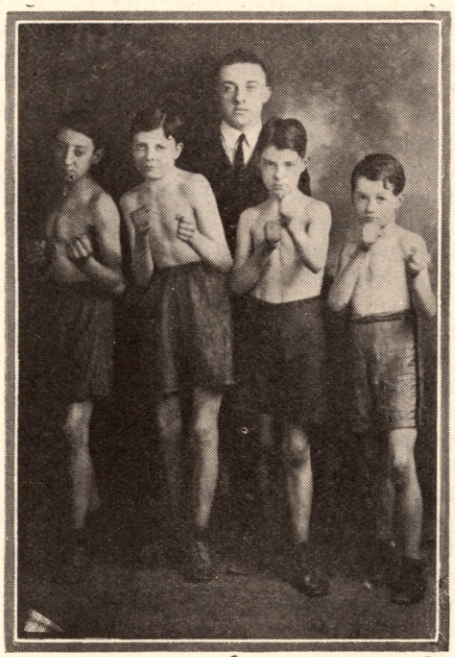
Imagine a boxer appearing in even these prosperous days at the Garden topped off as we have described Mike, reporting to the matchmaker as ready to go through with his evening's engagement! What a merry razz would emanate from the crowd!

But Mike used to appear dolled out in this style and he didn't do it because he thought it was smart, but because it was his mode of dress and he was willing to argue the point in or out of the ring if any cast sneering comment upon his taste.

Of course there were times, and places, when Mike cast his glad rags aside in the interests of practicality. But whenever there was a big show on and Mike was to be one of the ring actors he took pains to be on hand early, dolled to kill in the most acceptable dress for the occasion and he certainly did like to gain the admiring glances of the proletariat.

Philadelphia Jack O'Brien affected a two-quart hat himself. He was a fashion plate who looked like a picture from some Fifth Avenue or Bond Street tailors' fashion book. He wore his clothes, as did Mike, with the carefree grace of a prince to the manner born. Of course Jack's ring eminence came at a latter date than Mike's but Mike still was about as an actor in the pugilistic dramas of the day when Jack was selling his wares.

Mike never did lose the grace of carrying his clothes. You still can see him sporting the best in clothes styles whenever he appears, though he hasn't that swing and dash he had when he was upon the pugilistic boards. Before and since Mike there have been some swell dressers, but they all have to acknowledge that Mike wore the ermine with infinite grace and good taste and never was a second behind the styles of the moment.



*Flyweights of the pigmy class. The above photo shows the interesting Pat Sullivan troupe of Butte, Mont., a quartette of lads who have mastered enough of the fine points of the game to win four amateur championships. Pat Sullivan, well known Western sportsman, is their mentor*

On one occasion Mike had an engagement for a private scrap, which was being dished up under the auspices of some "swells" of the period. Naturally Mike wasn't going to be out of place, so he appeared in regulation evening clothes, with his two-quart hat hung at a rakish angle and his boots shining like a pickaninny's heels.

His opponent was Martin Judge. Judge arrived first at the club, in Philadelphia, decked out in a sweater and cap. When Mike hove into the offing he asked a friend to point out his opponent, as he had never seen Judge.

"The fellow in the sweater and cap over there," said the friend.

"That roughneck, eh?", Mike commented, "I'll knock him out in a jiffy; he looks like a tramp."

"Show me this fellow Mike Leonard," asked Judge a few minutes later.

"The fellow with the high dicer," a friend accommodated.

"That dude?, say, I'll spoil that highbrow's looks for him," declared Martin with some anger.

Well, Judge whipped Mike and in doing it he mussed up Mike's nose and eyes and Mike was to be married in a week!

But Mike wasn't a sorehead and he liked Martin and what did he do but ask Judge to be his best man and Judge accepted. At the wedding party the guests were looking over the presents.

Mike came over and patted Judge on the back.

"Martin," he said, "That present you gave me is going to outlast most of these others I guess."

"Why, Mike," declared the new Mrs. Leonard, "which of these is Mr. Judge's present?"

"This," Mike replied, dramatically, pointing to the twisted nose he had received in his bout with Judge.

And at last accounts Mike still had the twist in his nose. Mike and Judge became fast friends and still are, but Mike's revenge came when he took Judge to a fight a few months later and made Judge wear an opera skimmer and the "fish and soup," much to Judge's discomfiture.

*For all sporting events and other high-class attractions obtain tickets at*

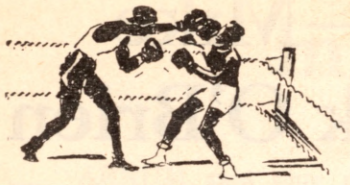
**JACOBS'**

**NORMANDIE HOTEL**

**38th Street and Broadway**

**New York City**

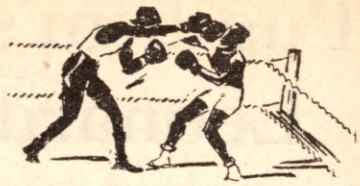
**Telephones: Fitzroy 4188 4189 4190 6442**



# As We See It

**Crisp Comment on Current Ring Problems**

**By NAT FLEISCHER**
**Publisher and Editor of THE RING**



### A Real Fighter Wins Crown

AS we predicted in a previous issue, a New Champion was crowned a few weeks ago in the featherweight class, a class in which the dethroned title holder held the championship for a period of eleven years and during the major portion of that reign, received little respect from the fight public. The passing of Johnny Kilbane from the field of pugilism does not occasion mournful regrets. Johnny was far from being a favorite with those whose patronage of the sport enabled him to reap a fortune.

All hail to the great little fighter who has annexed the world's featherweight championship! Fighter in every bone of him, Eugene Criqui carries away to foreign shores a title which for many years has graced the head of an American. Criqui, one of the few members of the pugilistic clan who saw real service in the World War, is the type of fighter no patron of boxing will begrudge all the money he can accumulate during his reign as king of his division.

While other fighters were parading about the shipyards of our country when the summons reached them for the call to arms Eugene Criqui saw his duty, gave up his profession which even at the outbreak of the World War was netting him a handsome sum and went to the front to fight off the drive of the Huns.

How many of the present day fighters are there who can point to such a glorious record as the little battle-scarred Frenchman who knocked out Kilbane at the Polo Grounds?

Eugene Criqui is a real fighter and as such we Americans do him honor. That he won the title from an American matters little, for American sportsmen would rather see this battle-scarred little Poilu carry off the championship and all that goes with it than to see such a game battler go down to defeat. Men of the type of Criqui, Bob Martin, Bob Roper, Gene Tunney and others who put their country above their profession when the call to arms was sounded, are the kind of fighters who have made present day pugilism what it is —a sport for the red-blooded man.

Our hats off to Criqui, the conqueror of Johnny Kilbane!

* * * * *

### When Does a Champion Lose His Title?

WHEN does a championship change hands?

This is the enigma which Billy Gibson and Benny Leonard, world's lightweight crown wearer, have been trying to solve since the recent riotous performance in Chicago, where Benny knocked out Ritchie Mitchell. Regardless of the fact that the junior welterweight championship which the Wisconsin Boxing Board so generously bestowed upon the head of Mitchell was a worthless gift and meant absolutely nothing to the fight world, the principle at stake in the controversy between Billy Gibson and the Wisconsin Commission is the thing we are interested in and shall briefly discuss.

Granted that the junior welterweight championship did have some value and was worth while scrapping over, it is rather interesting to note how a Boxing Board composed of bright men, men of high intelligence, can go on record as publicly announcing that after Mitchell was knocked out by Leonard, Mitchell still retained his title, because:

1—Leonard fought Pinky in a state where boxing is illegal and therefore the principals violated the law in engaging in a fight; and

2—Mitchell retained his crown because the referee, according to newspaper reports lost his head and awarded the bout to Leonard by a knockout without ascertaining whether Mitchell could have arisen and lasted through the remaining few seconds of the fatal round.

What marvelous logic!

What a ridiculous stand for any sane men, who have the interest of boxing at heart, to take!

We wonder whether the men who thus render a verdict fully realize to how much mockery they would subject themselves were a real championship, and not a paper title at stake and such ruling made after a clean-cut knockout was recorded!

Suppose the shoe were to be fitted upon the other foot.

For supposition sake let us presume that Pinky Mitchell and Leonard weighed in at 135 pounds, the championship limit of the lightweight class, and that Mitchell and not Benny scored a knockout.

Would the boxing world declare that Leonard still retained his world's lightweight crown?

Would the Wisconsin Boxing Commission issue an edict that because these boys fought in a state where boxing was not legalized Mitchell could not gain Leonard's title?

Hardly! We believe and would be willing to wager our money put aside for baby's shoes, that the Wisconsin Commissioners would be first to congratulate Pinky and proclaim him before the world as the Lightweight Champion.

But after all, what matters it whether Benny holds the junior welterweight title? The title means nothing. Let him defend his lightweight championship and if he seeks other fields to conquer, there is a chance for him to tackle Mickey Walker and if he can land the punch soporific on Mickey as he did on Pinky Mitchell, whether it be in Chicago or New York, Benny will not have to worry whether the Wisconsin Board will accept him as the welter champion.

* * * * *

### When Will This Condition Be Changed?

IT indeed would be ungracious to comment adversely on the new junior lightweight champion, Jack Bernstein, who annexed his paper title at the expense of Johnny Dundee on Memorial Day, but there is this, at least, to say:

The decision giving the bout to Bernstein was arrived at in the usual secretive manner so popular among New York State Boxing Commission judges, and caused widespread discussion regarding its merits. The writer's personal opinion is that Dundee won the bout by a margin of at least three rounds and that at least, in view of the fact that the New York State Boxing Board's judges so frequently hand down the draw verdict, the least they could have done in Dundee's case was momentarily to forget they could render any decision other than a draw.

While one may hold an opinion regarding the merits of the decision without in the least being prejudiced one can not easily overlook the method employed by the judges. Surely the public, the public that elects the governor who appoints the Boxing Commissioners, who in turn select the judges; the public that pays the big prices to see the boxers in action—this public, we repeat, must surely be entitled to know what verdict each and every judge and the referee gives as his personal decision.

Why should there be anything secretive about it?

Why should the public be denied the right to know if it was a two to one decision or a unanimous one?

Why should any judge desire to keep secret the ballot he cast?

Is there any reason why a judge should wish to keep hidden the fact that he voted a decision for a certain boxer against another?

Is it anything to be ashamed of?

Are judges afraid to have the public know what decisions they make?

Is it illegal to be honest?

Can one, by the widest stretch of imagination, figure out a benefit that this secretiveness confers upon boxing?

To continue further: Is the present reorganized Boxing Board, which has shown such efficiency in most matters, still too blind to heed the cry of the public for decisions "openly arrived at?"

The public would like to know what judge casts the deciding ballot in a verdict that has the aspects of a pickaninny hiding himself in the wood pile. There has been more than one bad decision in New York City, bad, at least, in the public eye, and the public has clamored to know whose vote or votes it was that brought about the uncalled for verdict.

Boxing has not benefited by this secret ballot. It never will benefit. The secret ballot has given nourishment to an evil. It is high time that the reorganized Boxing Board stamped this evil out once and for all time.

Let there be no secrecy in the conduct of boxing that no tenacious evils may be bred to destroy the game.

Let us do away with inefficient judges by holding them up to public ridicule through public announcement that it was their verdict which deprived a boxer of a decision honestly won.

* * * * *

### Siki No Easy Mark, Says McTigue

ACCORDING to Mike McTigue, Battling Siki does not work according to Hoyle. The new light heavyweight world's champion says that anyone who goes over to France from this side with the idea that the Senegalese is a mark is going to be badly fooled. Mike says that Siki fights in a crazy style. He declares an opponent cannot figure what Siki is going to do in his next move.

Furthermore, Mike declares the dusky battler has an awful wallop, and that in his Dublin battle, Mike saw more stars than he ever believed existed when hit.

No, Siki, is not a set-up by any means, is McTigue's answer to those who belittle his victory over the Senegalese.

* * * * *

### Dempsey Always in Condition

THERE are many fans who nod their heads in a wise manner and say that Jack Dempsey's long absence from the ring will go against him in his bout with Tom Gibbons. The idea that the title holder has been away from the ring is a false one, according to Jack Kearns. Dempsey is a real bug on boxing and the only time he misses donning the gloves is when he is on a train. One of the first things Dempsey does when he gets into a town, no matter how small, is to hunt up a gymnasium to get a little action.

His immediate predecessors, Fitzsimmons, Sullivan, Corbett, Jeffries and Willard seldom went near a gym except when they were in training.

Jack Johnson spent more time in gyms when he was out of active training than any of them, but he would often go for weeks without donning a glove. If Dempsey couldn't put on the gloves for a week he would fret himself sick, says Kearns.

The champion is smart enough to realize that he must keep in condition and anyone who thinks Jack will be caught napping, has another guess coming.

* * * * *

### In Re-mixed Boxing Bouts

BOXING in entire State of Minnesota was suspended a few weeks ago by order of a Supreme Court judge pending the cancellation of the ban against mixed bouts by the State Boxing Commission. The order of the court in this case, it seems, was directed against officials who publicly had announced that they would not sanction a bout between a black man and a white boxer, the court deciding that the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution was being violated.

Thus, for the first time in the history of pugilism, the negro is declared to possess equal rights with the Caucasian so far as boxing is concerned, and for the first time in the history of the sport boxing in an entire State is affected by an official court edict against discrimination.

We do not personally think that a national ruling on this point favoring the negro would do boxing any good. Although we firmly believe the negro should not be discriminated against, we think this question should be handled by each state separately. Edicts that might go well in the North perhaps would be the means of inciting riots in the South.

Whatever be the merits of this decision, the fact remains that it is about high time the discrimination against the negro were lifted. The negro race deserves the same consideration as the white race or the yellow race in the field of pugilism, and the sooner the ban is lifted the better.

We do not think that a ruling such as the Minnesota judge made would do boxing any good in the South where the race feeling runs far higher than in northern sections, but we do believe that the majority of negro fighters are good sports and honest fighters, and they should not be made to suffer. Baseball and boxing is the only sport where negroes are barred from competing with whites. In football, track athletics, tennis and other sports mixed competition is permitted.

A man like Harry Wills is a credit to boxing and a credit to his race and he should not be compelled to remain in the background while men far his inferior are spoken of as likely contenders for Dempsey's crown.

The negro is entitled to recognition and the sooner this recognition is given him, the better for the sport. Like the white boxer, any transgression can be met with instant banishment, but until such time as the present crop of negro battlers show they are unfit to mingle with the white boxers, there is no reason for barring them from competition with whites in States where boxing is legalized.

* * * * *

### Luis Firpo and His Set-Ups

ABOUT a fortnight ago the message was flashed throughout the world that Luis Firpo, the Wild Man of Argentina, had added another "victim" to his list by landing the haymaker on Tiny Herman in a Havana ring. To the followers of the South American—his native admirers we refer to—this victory meant another step toward the pugilistic throne now occupied by Jack Dempsey.

To the majority of Americans, however, this defeat of a third-rater by Luis Firpo meant just another set-up for the man who, according to all that goes in the make-up of a real battler, possesses one of the most terrific wallops ever carried into a ring by the fistic glory-seekers.

Our firm conviction is that only two heavyweights stand in the way of Firpo and the championship—Jack Dempsey and Harry Wills. Hence we cannot see any reason for a fighter of Firpo's known ability to jeopardize the game in which he has only recently been initiated by going on a barnstorming trip to bowl over some easy marks and get some easy money.

We cannot understand why promoters in this country or any other country are willing to pit Firpo against boxers who are so far outclassed that they invite a fatality which may kill the sport. Firpo is too dangerous an opponent for any but a tried boxer of real ability, and boxing boards throughout the country who have the interest of the sport at heart should immediately pass a ruling which would prevent men like Firpo going about the country virtually slaughtering victims who have no reason, other than the purse, for entering the same ring with the Caveman.

Let us protect the game, which, at its best, has a horde of antagonists.

Let us protect this sport by condoning the action of those who are money-mad and would injure the standing of boxing by exhibiting a Firpo in the same ring with a Tiny Herman or even lesser light.

The sport cannot permit Firpo to continue to meet set-ups for the sake of gathering in good American gold, nor can it permit Firpo to continue to meet set-ups while men of known fistic ability are shunned for fear they might injure the standing of Luis as a contender for Jack Dempsey's crown.

We have had enough of this farce. It is time a halt were called.

# Jack Renault, Destroyer of "Black Hopes"

*Canadian Heavyweight in Roles of Guardian of the Law and Boxer*

NO heavyweight prospect in the past few years has shown more promise than Leo Flynn's protege, Jack Renault, Canadian heayweight champion. As a rule heavyweights reach a certain standing in their class and come to a standstill, never improving their form. In most cases the first time they meet a good man with a "kick" it spells finis for them. And like the great Dempsey, when a heavyweight looks like a winner it is the hardest thing in the world to get matches for him, especially so with men of the Renault type. That is the case of Jack Renault, who recently won from Fred Fulton at the big Milk Fund Show in New York.

Renault proved his class by stopping the much touted George Godfrey. Jack Kearns, Jim Dougherty and other good judges of the boxing game claimed before that contest that Godfrey was a better man than Harry Wills, who refused a guarantee of $10,000 from Tex Rickard to meet him. Harry stepped out of the match and when Leo Flynn was offered it for Renault he said, "Why not, bring him on."

Renault plastered the big black from pillar to post, outboxing, outhitting and out-generaling Godfrey. He finally forced him to take the full count.

Since then Renault has been able to get into only one match and it was only because Fred Fulton received $5,000 that he accepted terms to meet the "Canadian Cannonball." Fred looked like a winner in the first few rounds of that bout, but when he found out Jack was a sticker, could take it and come back, he took it on the "heel and toe." Just when Renault had him reeling from rights and lefts, lost the bout on a foul.

---

Luis Firpo, the big Argentinian fighter who is being touted as a worthy opponent for Dempsey, threatened to leave the country when the matchmaker of the Milk Fund insisted that he meet Renault. Willard is repeatedly dodging Renault and unlike the present white heavyweights today, Renault doesn't draw the color line. He is known in the East as the destroyer of black hopes, having knocked out all the colored heavyweights, with the exception of Harry Wills, who he is open to meet at any time.

In his last starts he has stopped Fred Fulton, Tom Cowler, Silent Puryear, Battling McCreery, Joe McCann, Joe Lohman and also the great George Godfrey.

Renault is open to box anybody in the world, black or white, and doesn't require the club house to step in.

Renault is a more logical contender for Dempsey's title than Tom Gibbons. With proper development under the able tutelage of Leo Flynn, Jack is certain to command world-wide attention. Renault served for three and one-half years in the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police as a Sergeant Major and the slogan of the historic organization, "Get your Man," is to be withheld by Renault for his fighting career and he has never yet failed to deliver. Photo shows Jack Renault in his uniform of the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police with his horse.

# The Man of a Million Socks Speaks of the Hardest Socker

JIM FLYNN, the old Pueblo fireman, should know what he is talking about when he discusses the hardest hitters of the ring. During his hectic career in the roped arena Jim stopped some of the hardest wallops of all time.

Then who do you think Flynn gives the palm for having the best bone crusher in his memory? None other than Sam Langford who is still swatting a few while he is flirting with the half century mark. Jim Flynn weathered a hurricane of punches in his day.

You might call him "the man of a million punches." He surely did absorb a lot. It is a question, though, if any fighter can ever remember which one hit him hardest. The heftiest swats are the ones that can't be remembered very well. The lights go out too fast.

Speaking of Langford reminds the writer of a conversation he had with him recently on the Mexican Border.

"Old Tham" has an idea that the hardest hitter that ever took a thump at him is Harry Wills. Langford in his early days gave Jack Johnson a mean session and any one who ever saw Johnson in action knows that he was no pink tea fighter.

"You just got about nine seconds to decide whether you're goin' to get up and take another one when Harry Wills socks you," said Langford. "Usually you has no ability to decide. Harry, sure knows swat, swat."

"Let me tell you of a couple of other babies who could shoot 'em," remarked Langford recently, "Old Gunboat Smith could whack better than any one of the heavies of to-day—that is if the Gunner could reach the mark. If he hit you on the button there was a ton of dynamite behind that wallop. You didn't need no sleepin' powder when the Gunner touched the button.

"Rock-a-bye-Baby. That's all."

Sam McVey and Joe Jeannette! Sweet memories. They could HIT.

# When Joy Was Turned Into Gloom

By CHARLES TURNER

THERE was a tough fellow boxing around some years ago of the name of Dick O'Brien. He hailed from Lewiston, Maine. He was a middleweight but he loved to fight, so that he frequently would go out of his class to get a match. One of these matches was with Jack Root, who, it will be recalled, was once lightheavyweight champion and who also fought some tough heavyweights.

O'Brien and Root fought in Tattersall's in Chicago. Root, of course, was a very clever boxer and a wise fighter, while O'Brien was merely a tough fellow who had a wicked punch in either hand. For two rounds Root jabbed O'Brien's head off and became convinced that he could knock his man out at will. In the third round he became careless and O'Brien suddenly swung one from the floor and dropped Root.

Jack bounced like a rubber ball and lay as if dead for seven or eight seconds. Then he managed to crawl to his feet. O'Brien was so surprised when he saw Jack get up that he lost his head, tore in and let Root clinch. Root stalled the round out and then for a couple of rounds boxed Dick at long range. Root got back into his stride while O'Brien lost his head completely at his inability to again topple his opponent.

However, all along Dick thought he was going to win, so that when Root suddenly landed a terrific right and left and knocked Dick flat—and out—Dick still had in the back of his mind the idea that he would get Root. The referee counted Dick out and after carrying him to his corner O'Brien came to, opened his eyes, smiled, and turning to his seconds said:

"Well, it was a tough fight, but I knew I'd knock that guy out."

And it wasn't until the next day that he learned that he had been knocked out himself!

# Joe Walcott Now Sets 'Em Up Instead of Down

WHEN Joe Walcott was in his prime there was no one in any division who could worry the Black Demon, even if he weighed only 142 pounds. Most of the Barbadoes' Black's fighting weight was above his waist line. From his belt up he was moulded like a heavyweight and he could take them on up to the 200 pound mark and get away with it most of the time.

Joe was never looking for set-ups in the time when he wore the crown as the welterweight champion. Just how fate works, though, is shown by what Joe was doing the last heard of him. Walcott is now a set-up artist in Boston, for that is what he is doing in a Boston bowling alley. He is setting up the pins just as fast as the more fortunate ones knock them down.

Few recognize Joe now. He seldom speaks. He is taking his medicine like the game fellow he always was. Once in a while some one asks who the broad shouldered pin setter is.

Recently on old timer recognized him and asked him if he would like to make a come-back.

Joe stuck out the old paw that had many a haymaker in his day and said, "If it wasn't for that I would be in the ring right now and I think I would be the champion."

Joe was shot during a brawl years ago when he was still pretty good and he had the misfortune to receive the bullet in his best hitting hand. That caused his retirement for good.

**Dealers Attention!**

The National and International Distribution of The Ring has been turned over to the Hotaling News Agency. If The Ring is not sold in your territory or you desire to obtain copies for distribution in your city, write to the Hotaling News Agency, 203 West 41st Street, New York City.

# The Big Boys of the Diamond and the Roped Arena

By FREDERICK G. LIEB
President, Baseball Writers' Association.

Copyright—Reproduction Prohibited

A FEW months ago, we wrote of the crack little men of the ring and the diamond. We spoke of the amazement of some of the unitiated when told that little fellows like Jimmy Wilde or Abe Goldstein were boxers, or as these persons seemingly prefer to call them, "prize fighters." They can't understand these midgets making a living with their fists. Nor can they understand how little chaps like "Whitey" Witt, Heinie Groh or Arnold Statz can go to the plate without having powerful, broad-shoulder pitchers knock the bats right out of their hands.

This month, we will discuss the opposite type, the burlies of the squared circle and of the greensward. Have you ever looked at some big, ponderous fellow on the ball field, and wondered how he got by? How many New York fans have got a good laugh out of Fred Toney, "the man who walks like a bear," run down to first base or ponderously tread over the infield in pursuit of an elusive bunt? Toney once went down to second on a steal, and the crowd laughed itself sick.

Or, have you ever been at a heavyweight tournament, and laughed until you cried, while the big burlies took their awkward swings and bounded around the canvas? Perhaps you may have found expression to your thoughts by such words of encouragement, as:

"OH, you poor hunk of cheese, who did you ever lick?" or "You big awkward stew, you ought to be moving pianos instead of taking good money from a gullible public for alleged boxing exhibitions."

And just as like as not, your "hunk of cheese" or "poor awkward stew" some day will be champion of the world, and you will plunk down your good ten, twenty or fifty dollar bill for the privilege of seeing the champ slap some one else on the chin.

Bigness doesn't necessarily mean awkwardness. Just because a fellow tips the beam at 200 or over, don't get it into your head that he has to be awkward. Often he is, but on the other hand, some of our biggest men have been most graceful. Larry Lajoie's best playing weight was 195 pounds and in the last five years of his career he was over 200 pounds, but no more graceful player ever stepped into a spiked shoe. He glided over the infield like a tiger stalking through a jungle. And when it came to boxing, no lightweight ever was quicker with his hands than the 210-pound Texas negro, Jack Johnson.

There are fast big men, just as there are fast little men. The writer frankly admits there are heavyweights brought into the fight game, just hulks of beef, who have neither speed, grace nor a knowledge of boxing. Their sponsors merely capitalize on their beef, knowing that a man of such size must pack a terrific wallop. And often he does, but the entire purpose of boxing is to keep away from that wallop and to hit your adversary first. Many a time a man with a punch is carried out of the ring, because the chance to use his one ace card never came. When two big men meet, other conditions being equal, our money would go on the faster man rather than the harder puncher.

In discussing men for this article, we are considering only the two hundred pounders, ball players and pugilists of 200 pounds and over. We have four 200 pound professional athletes very much in the limelight at present, Babe Ruth, Jesse Willard, Lois Firpo and Harry Wills.

Ruth is one of the heaviest men who ever played ball. After a winter at his Sudbury, Mass., farm and a course of baths and mountain climbing at Hot Springs, the Babe melted off his bay window, but he still is quite a large infant, his best playing weight being around 215 pounds. He has been up as high as 235. Because of his size, a lot of fans got the idea that the Babe is awkward and slow. As a matter of fact, Ruth would have been a great ball player if he had never hit a home run. Having pitched during most of his career, Ruth naturally was clumsy when he first was sent to the outfield, but he erred on misjudging flies rather than through lack of speed in getting under them.

The players of the Yankees had an argument as to who was the fastest man on the club in Jacksonville in the spring of 1921. They held a race across the park and the only man who finished ahead of the Babe was "Lefty" O'Doul, now with Boston, and a real speed boy. Ruth beat out all the regular players on the club Huggins used to say that Ruth was the fastest man in the league in going from first to third.

The Babe slowed up quite a bit in 1922, when his waistline resembled a barrel and lost much of his speed. Since reducing, Ruth has regained it.

However, the real fat man of baseball was "Socks" Seybold, right fielder of the Athletic Champions of 1902 and 1905, who died a few months ago in Pennsylvania. "Socks" weighed around 225 pounds, but he was much shorter than Ruth and carried much more fat. Like Ruth, he was quite a slugger, and he led the American League in hitting home runs until Ruth came along. Seybold wasn't as fast as Ruth, but he used to show amazing speed rushing in for a low line drive. He was one of the last outfielders to use a mit, as he used to wear a real pillow on his left hand.

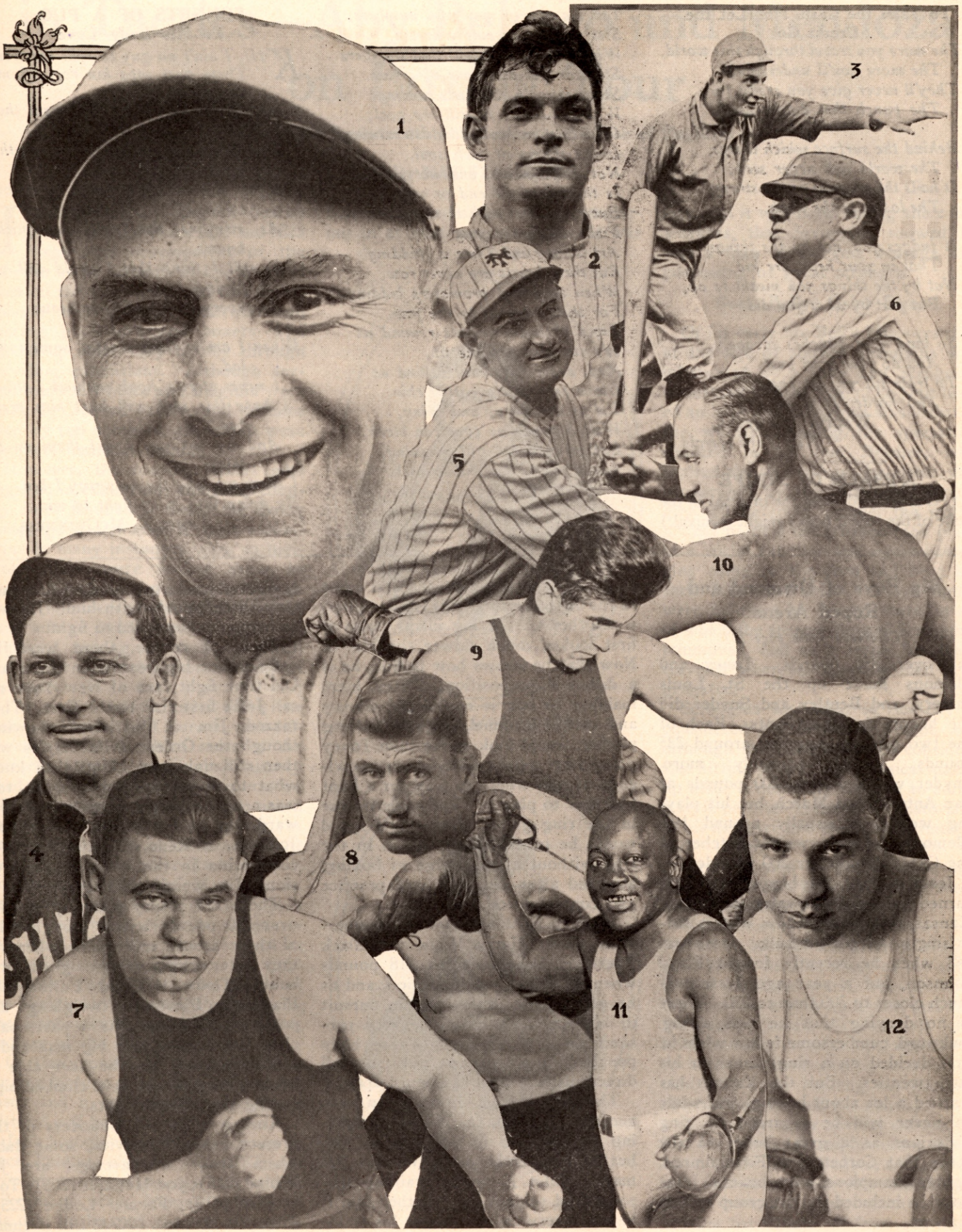
When Seybold played right field for the Athletics, the little white-haired midget, Topsy Hartsel, was in left field. Topsy was about half as big as Socks. Oddly enough, when Hartsel slowed up, his place as lead-off man on the Athletics was taken by a big giant 215-pound Californian, "Heinie" Heitmuller. "Heinie" was a fast big man, who could step down to first base with his long strides, but couldn't hit sufficiently to stay in the majors for more than a few seasons.

Most of the 200 pounders in baseball have been pitchers, Cy Young, Jack Powell, Walter Johnson, Ed Walsh, Jeff Tesreau, Rube Waddell, Fred Toney, Jack Bentley and Babe Ruth. Powell was as round as a keg when he quit pitching, and must have weighed around 250 pounds.

In a recent game between the Giants and Cardinals, the two batteries

(*Continued on page* 13)

# Mastodons of the Ring and Diamond




1—JACK BENTLEY
2—JEFF TESREAU
3—RUBE WADDELL
4—ED WALSH
5—FRED TONEY
6—BABE RUTH
7—TINY HERMAN
8—FARMER LODGE
9—LUIS ANGEL FIRPO
10—FRED FULTON
11—JACK JOHNSON
12—BILL TAIT

# Pugilistic Rhythm

### To Take the Cash, Nor Let the Credit Go

*The more you travel through this world,*
*The more you'll understand*
*They'll never give you credit for*
*The punch that didn't land.*

*Behind the surface which it sees,*
*The world will never seek;*
*It hails the winners as the strong,*
*The losers as the weak.*

*It judges you, not by the things*
*That in your heart are hid,*
*Not by the things you meant to do,*
*But just by what you did.*

*So land your punches savagely,*
*And do your level best*
*To train till you are speedier*
*And harder than the rest.*

WALTER TRUMBULL,
*New York Herald.*

### A PSALM OF STRIFE

(As translated from the original in the wake of the recent heavyweight carnival.)

*Tell me not, in mournful numbers,*
*Strife is but an empty dream,*
*When the heavyweight that slumbers*
*Still can get his share of cream.*
*Strife is real! Strife is earning!*
*Where the kale is still the goal;*
*Gold dust art to gold dust turning,*
*Is the slogan of each soul.*
*Not employment, and not sorrow,*
*Is their destined end or way,*
*But to act that each to-morrow*
*Finds another paying prey.*
*Art is long and Time is skidding,*
*But their hearts are never raw*
*When they find promoters bidding*
*For their punches to the jaw.*
*Lives of heavyweights remind us*
*We can also cop the tin,*
*And, departing, leave behind us*
*Glove prints on a hostile chin.*
*Let us then be up and doing,*
*With a punch no cove can block,*
*Still in training, still pursuing,*
*Learn to counter and to sock.*

GRANTLAND RICE,
*In the N. Y. Tribune.*

### SONNETS OF A PUG
### To His Lady Love

*KID, I ain't no guy to spill the woids*
*Them poet saps kin reel off nice and sweet;*
*I can't dish out the oil like them there boids*
*That shoot the stuff to ev'ry dame they meet.*
*I'm just a mutt that's pretty rough outside,*
*As ev'ryone that sees me quickly knows,*
*But, still I think that I could call you "bride"*
*As sugary as any of your beaus.*

*When I am in there meetin' some tough lad,*
*I never start a hook without I think;*
*"I hope this sock will hurt him pretty bad,"*
*And it's for you I put them on the blink.*
*I show my love the only way I kin*
*By going into ev'ry fight to win.*

JAMES K. MCGUINNESS,

## Big Boys of Diamond and Roped Arena

(*Continued from page* 12)

ran over 850 pounds. Toney and Clemons made up the St. Louis battery, and Bentley and Snyder did the honors for the Giants. Each of the two pitchers weighed around 225 pounds, Toney probably more. Snyder weighed over 200 pounds at San Antonio last March, but his playing weight is usually around 195. Clemons, the heavyweight catcher of the Cards, is another 200 pounder.

Jesse Willard, the biggest boy ever turned out by Pottawatomie County, Kansas, is another fellow who is surprisingly fast for his bulk. Jesse was 248 when he recently fought Floyd Johnson, but a year ago Jesse was much closer to 300 than to 250. There is no denying that he was a big, awkward, cumbersome fellow when he first decided on a ring career in his late twenties. But the Kansan has learned a lot about boxing, and while he never will be regarded by ring historians as a great boxer in the sense that Corbett and Fitzsimmons, lighter champions, were boxers, Jesse must be included in that group of fast big men.

They laughed at Luis Firpo, when he brought his 217 pounds of Argentine beef in New York, just as they laughed at Willard when he first came to the big town to ply his trade. Firpo is another of the big chaps, who at first looked much slower than he is. Now that he knows how to box, he is a different proposition. Often mere inability to box is considered clumsy and slow. Rommel, a great fielding pitcher, would look worse than Toney going after a bunt, without the knowledge of just where to play for a bunt and how to play it. The same is true in the ring game. Dempsey's speed would be of no earthly value in the ring without a knowledge of boxing, acquired after years of hard practice and concentration.

There is nothing slow or cumbersome about Harry Wills, the Black Panther. Harry weighs 218 pounds when he is stripped for action, and as he glides around the ring in pursuit of his opponent, he is the very personification of rhythm. Those body punches seem to shoot out from all directions, and with lightning rapidity.

The great John L. Sullivan was another fast big man. John L.'s fighting weight used to be given as 196, but he frequently went over the 200 mark. John L. found training irksome, and seldom let it bother him if he was overweight. He got his training by travelling around the country, and knocking out the lads who would be led nightly to the slaughter. John L. offered prizes to any one who would stay three rounds with him. He was a champion who loved to fight.

Then, of course, there was Jim Jeffries, the big bear from the coast Old time fight fans of New York recall Jeff's first visit to the East. They razzed Jim at his first showing, though the Order of Rasberries was then still unknown. Until Jeff knew what to do with his hands, he, too, was a wild swinger, clumsy and awkward, but before he fell before Jack Johnson, at Reno, he caused quite a commotion in the heavyweight division. Jim weighed 220 pounds.

There are plenty other good men over 200 pounds today, though a lot of them arouse merriment whenever they enter a ring or are signed for a bout. There is Fred Fulton, the Plastered Plasterer, weighing 220 pounds. Frederick has a pasteboard chin, but he is a fast big man and a skillful boxer. Had he been able to take it, Fred would have climbed high among the heavyweights.

Among other 200 pounders of the present crop of heavies, some dubs, others above the average, are Joe White (215); Joe McCann (205); Tom Cowler (210); Farmer Lodge (225); Tiny Jim Herman (207); Bill Brennan (200); Al Reich (205); Clem Johnson (202); Jack Thompson (205), and Bill Tate (225).

# Jack Scroggins, the Originator of Boring-in Tactics—Aby Belasco and Mendoza on Boxing Tour

**This is the Seventeenth of a Series on the Rise of Pugilism**

**By NAT FLEISCHER**

THE period of English boxing between the years 1814 and 1825 saw the development of the sport in many sections of England and even on the Continent, and this development was brought about through touring gladiators and boxers who picked up some easy money through traveling exhibitions. Although several tours of France and Belgium were made by second raters, and oftimes even by top notchers, almost all were complete financial failures.

However, the touring boxers who engaged in exhibitions along the country sides frequently found the going pretty good and even if their exhibitions in many instances were so ludicrous they were looked upon as clownish attempts at boxing by the sports followers, these exhibitions at least left an indelible mark—they encouraged boxing in sections which heretofore knew little or nothing of the sport.

The period which ended with the story of Randall and Turner, was followed by one in which some of the greatest fighters in English history lived; but before entering this era, we might mention a few of the top notch battlers who preceded Tom Spring, the first of the men to be discussed in the new era. These were Jack Martin, known as the Master of the Rolls, because he was a baker by trade; Jack Scroggins, George Nicholls, conquerer of Tom Cribb; Ben Burn, known as Uncle Ben; Harry Harmer, the Coppersmith; Josiah Holt, the Cicero of the Ring; Aby Belasco, Peace Inglis, the Phenomenon, and George Cribb, brother of the illustrious Tom.

Of these probably the best known to ring history are Scroggins and Belasco and a little of their pugilistic history will be here recorded.

Jack Scroggins, otherwise known as Jack Palmer, was born in 1787, and from his youth was known as a fighter. Like many other famous fighters of his day, he learned the art of boxing through contact with the great navigators of the Canal districts, men who scarcely passed a day without engaging in at least one fist fight. It was here that Scroggins received his nickname which stuck to him to the very last, and it was here, among the canal workers, that Scroggins showed he was a man of extreme courage and possessing of great strength.

*John Palmer (Jack Scroggins)*

*Jack Martin, "The Master of the Rolls"*

### Beats Bully; Gains Fame

Of his early life Bell's Life says that at the age of sixteen Scroggins was mistreated by a bully and Scroggins undertook to beat him. The bout lasted an hour and Scroggins was declared the winner. Among the spectators chanced to be Jem Belcher, who praised the strength of the victor, and encouraged by this comment, Scroggins felt he could conquer the world.

That night a disturbance took place at a social function and again Scroggins came to the fore and beat his man into submission. These fights were followed by several more, in all of which the stumpy-figured Scroggins triumphed, and as a result his fame traveled wherever sporting men congregated.

Scroggins was what in our day is considered a good middleweight, and although short, he exhibited considerable hitting power. His physical make-up made it necessary for him to adopt a style peculiar to himself. Historians of his day give him credit for inventing the "boring-in" style wherein he rushed his man to get in close and then delivered a heavy attack of short arm blows to the body.

Unfortunately Scroggins's head was turned by success and after opening a road house, he, like many of the stars of the pugilistic world who preceded him, became a prey to liquor, and this eventually caused his downfall. He held training in contempt, attempted to battle without getting into condition, and never heeding the cautions of prudence, he paid the penalty.

Eventually, after several defeats, he lost his patronage and became a hanger-on at the public houses, a vagabond who occasionally was able to pick up a penny here and there to satisfy his craving for liquor. At least one thing may be said about Scroggins—his downfall lead to a temporary crusade

*Captain Robert Barclay*

against the boxers who persisted in disregarding the essentials of training, and brought about a better understanding between those who entered the ring and those whose financial aid was sought.

Scroggins died in abject poverty in his forty-ninth year.

### Aby Belasco Master of Science

Practically the same kind of life led by Scroggins, was duplicated by Aby Belasco, with the exception that he, instead of spending his money in drink, lived upon the scum of the world through a number of road houses he maintained. His public houses were the scenes of many brawls and many raids

Although the Jews prospered as fighters during the early part of the Nineteenth Century, they began to lose prestige after old age compelled Mendoza to retire and death took Dutch Sam from the field. While the Jew was becoming a "has-been" race in the field of boxing, the Irish were gradually rising to power, with the result that a three-cornered fight for recognition was waged about the year 1815, with the English, Irish and Jews striving for supremacy.

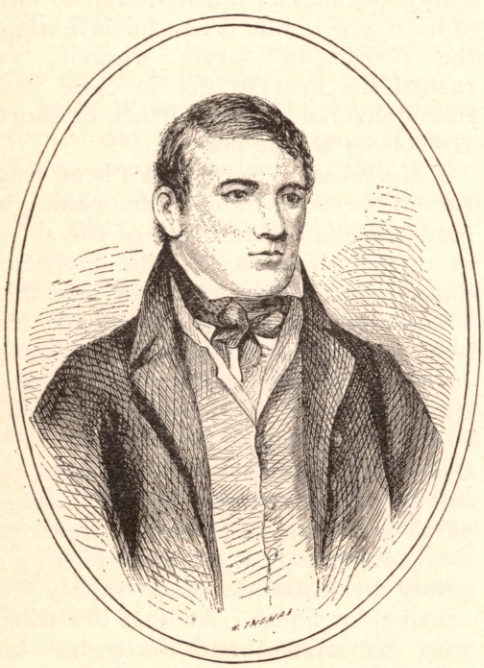
The Jew, down-trodden as he was during this period through persecution, was compelled to defend himself against all kinds of insults, found it worth his while to learn the fistic art for self protection. Included in the list of prominent Jewish athletes of this period was Aby Belasco, who, from his first appearance with the gloves gave his people such high hopes of having a Jewish champion reign over England, that he found no difficulty enlisting the support of his race.

Belasco was a master of the science, a superior hitter, had a keen eye, was athletically built and possessed above the average hitting power. These combined to make of him a good fighter. After several victories and one defeat at the hands of one Tom Reynolds, Aby decided to engage in a sparring tour with Mendoza, and the two Hebrews were well received wherever they went.

Belasco met with considerable success, but like Scroggins, success soon went to his head and he soon lost favor with the public. Although he defeated Randall, he was beaten several times by lesser lights and then was compelled to retire. He lived the life of a human vulture thereafter, his public roadhouses being the scenes of many debaucheries. His later career was a most disreputable one.

From the passing of Belasco from the field of pugilism to the rise of Tom Spring to fistic fame there was little of real championship or near championship timber in England. For a time it appeared that the great boxing era of English history had passed and that the patrons of the game would have to be content with seeing mediocre battlers engage in the sport which in the first 75 years of its existence had made wonderful strides. Barroom brawls brought the sport down to a low level and a period of debauchery had set in which for a time threatened to wipe boxing off the map.

With very few exceptions liquor was the cause of the downfall of most of the promising boxers. An incessant flow of intoxicating fluids turned the



*John Randall, "The Nonpareil"*

*George Nicholls*

heads of men who gave promise of emulating the greatest of ring heroes, and it did not take long before lack of training made these promising boxers easy prey for the raw novices. A general lack of interest followed, with the result that good battles were few and far between.

An example of the type of boxer who exhibited his wares was Jack Powers, who died in 1813, four years before Aby Belasco took up his fighting career. Powers started at a pace which indicated great deeds, but personal popularity and general excesses turned his head and brought his fighting career to a speedy end.

No boxer began his career with greater prospect than Powers, but,

(*Continued on page* 17)

*Fred Turner*

# The Corkscrew Punch Brain Child of Imaginative Reporter

By HYATT DAAB

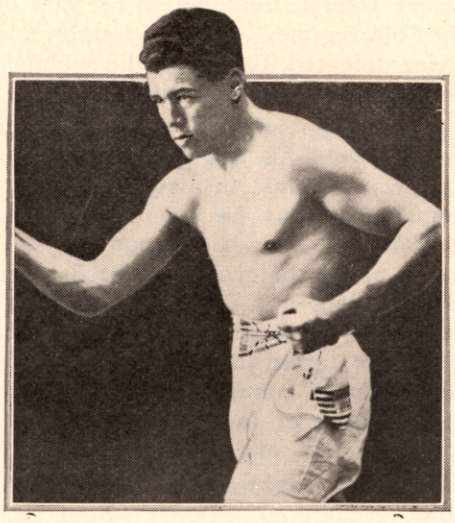
Coast Representative of Robertson-Cole Film Productions at Hollywood

SPEAKING of punches reminds one of the early days of FIZZSTICS. This is going back to the days when there was no such a thing as prohibition and when the Fizz flew fast and furious wherever one of the stars of Fistiana held forth.

"Them days is gone forever," as the saying is today and the fancy punches have gone into the discard over the canvas just as they have over the mahogany. Kid McCoy knew a lot about punches.

The Kid was generally credited with being the inventor of the corkscrew punch. In his day that got more advertising than a milk punch and no one has yet found out who discovered that which has knocked out more than one good two handed battler.

"All that talk of the corkscrew punch came from an imaginative reporter," said the Kid at Hollywood a few weeks ago. "Possibly he had been looking not wisely but too well on the corkscrew and invented the blow.



*Erminio Spallo, Italian heavyweight, who gained the championship of Europe by beating Vanderveer, the Holland champion*

"Take my word for it, if you stick to the straight old poke you are going to have a lot more steam behind it. The straight shot is worth a hundred fancy fistic didoes. There is nothing at all to that much discussed corkscrew punch. It just happened that when I led I turned the wrist a bit and it had the effect of bruising or cutting a little more than the ordinary punch.

"There is really only one way to hit effectively—straight from the shoulder. Pick out the spot and hit that spot before the other fellow can do the picking."

"Use a hook to worry with, but the straight punch is the one that knocks them cold. A swing is all right if the other fellow is standing around like a statue, but the straight one is the counter," wound up the Kid.

# Johnny Coulon Sounds Lesson to "Iron Men" of Ring

By FRANK GRAHAM

SOMEBODY was telling Johnny Coulon about a fighter he recently had seen and admired.

"Why," exclaimed the enthusiast, "he just stuck his chin out and let the other fellow slam away as hard as he could. It didn't bother him a bit. He sure can take it."

"Yes," agreed Coulon, "he probably can. And now let me give you a tip. Remember that fighter's name. Give him about seven years of that kind of stuff and then look him up. You'll find him in a quiet corner of some refined booby hatch cutting paper dolls.

"Any fighter," continued the former bantamweight champion, "who thinks he's impervious to the effect of punches is crazy—and will be crazier if he continues to take them when he doesn't have to. Contrary to a belief which obtains in some quarters, fighters are human and, being human, can stand just so much punishment and no more.

"A fighter who is doing his best to protect himself gets hit plenty without inviting blows. No one ever saw me take a punch I could dodge or block. The result is that after all the fighting I did, I came out of the ring without a mark and—which is more important—with all the brains I had when I started.

"Every once in a while you read of an 'iron man of the ring,' a fellow who boasts that he can take a terrific pounding and still keep going strong. Fine business—for a little while. But what becomes of this type of fighter?

"Look around a bit and you'll see where the 'iron men' of a few years ago are and what they are doing. The fate that ultimately overtakes these fellows should be a lesson to youngsters in the game."

## History of Boxing

(*Continued from page* 16)

possessing a strong desire for gaiety and the accompanying glass, he plunged into excesses which soon made him a target for the germs of consumption and he passed away at the early age of twenty-three. Just another victim to the folly of drink.

Modern boxers may draw a good lesson from the lives of Powers, Belasco and others of this early English period—the lesson that teaches that no boxer can attain the championship heights without training faithfully. Hard knocks on a body well trained to receive them may cause some damage, but hard knocks delivered to a body already battered by the germs of disease leaves an indelible mark—the mark that spells defeat.

# James J. Jeffries' Opinion of Jack Dempsey

*There long has been a controversy regarding the ability of Jack Dempsey, the present heavyweight champion of the world, in comparison to champions of other eras. Various opinions have been expressed as to his hitting ability, his boxing, his speed and finally his endurance. As long as the world rolls on there will still be those who maintain that the fighters of the past were the real goods and that those of the era in existence at the time of the argument, whether it be fifty or 500 years from now, are only counterfeits. Who knows but the fighters of 100 years ago if they could be re-incarnated, would not be every bit as good as those of the modern school? There was not so much written about the old-time battles of the ring and for that reason it is more than likely that many a corking good man is unknown to the present generation even by name.*

*It is always interesting to listen to an old-timer chatter his opinions. That is something that is bred in us all from the days when we used to listen in awe to granny's fairy tales.*

*In view of Dempsey's coming battle with Tom Gibbons, the opposing views of two former champions, James J. Jeffries and James J. Corbett, is of more than passing interest.—Editor's note.*

---

JAMES J. JEFFRIES, who reigned as heavyweight king for eleven years, was one of the really great heavyweights of ring history, beyond doubt. The annals of the ring game fail to show a champion who possessed in greater abundance the natural fighting ability of Jeffries, plus a certain cleverness and an inborn instinctive science. No fighter was stronger than Jeffries; none had a more deadly left hand. And none ever fought a hardier horde of challengers than the big San Francisco boiler maker.

Coming into fistic prominence at a time when the woods were full of high class heavyweights, Jeffries had no easy task to win and hold the title. He may be accepted as the third of the modern heavyweight title holders, which, of course, assumes that one places John L. Sullivan as the last of the "old regime." Jeffries fought, and twice defeated, the man who whipped Sullivan, James J. Corbett.

It now is twenty-four years since Jeffries won his heavyweight crown. One would think, in view of that circumstance, that he would, as most humans do, look back upon the "old days" as the halcyon ones of fistania. But he does not. Big Jeff ever was reluctant to be interviewed, but once he was started he was exceedingly frank in his comment. And his following view of Jack Dempsey, therefore, is frank, and sincerely so.

"I never fought a man, and I fought some great ones, against whom Jack Dempsey would not have had a fine chance of victory. I regard him as a great champion. In fact, I don't know of any champion since Sullivan who was better than the present champion.

"I never personally saw Sullivan fight, so I can't express an opinion regarding him. But I have fought all the other heavyweight champions since Sullivan, excepting only Willard and Dempsey himself. I think Dempsey as good as Fitsimmons or Corbett or Johnson. He seems to me to have every attribute a heavyweight champion should have. He is rugged, quick, powerful of arm and shoulder, hits crushing blows and is aggressive. He boxes well, is fast on his feet and punches with much speed.

"I have heard it pointed out that he has never had to 'stand the gaff.' In other words, fight a long battle. That is, of course, true. But it does not follow that he could not last twenty, thirty or forty rounds because he has never gone that distance. In these days it is not necessary for a fighter to go the longer distances. The laws impose short bouts and fighters prepare for them.

"It wouldn't be fair to say that because bouts nowadays are limited to fifteen rounds, for the most part, that champions of today are not as good as those of bygone days who were permitted to fight practically unlimited battles.

"The test is in what a man does rather than what he might do under certain circumstances.

"Personally, I think Dempsey is the ideal type for the present age. He finishes his men quickly. He uses his terrific punching power without waste of time. He doesn't consume any time in strategy. He goes in and fights like a cyclone from the tap of the first gong. I guess this manner of fighting has led many fans and a lot of experts to imagine that he can't go the route. But I see no reason why he couldn't go far enough to dispose of any heavyweight now before the public. I don't see any white hope looming that might force him to go beyond twelve rounds at the most, and Dempsey can go that far, don't worry about that.

"I fought only six bouts at twenty or more rounds and one at fifteen. The others ended quickly. Twenty-five rounds were the maximum number in those days; fiften is the top now. I used to train to go twenty-five rounds if need be, but Dempsey only has to plan to go fifteen, and because of that he can go faster from the start than I could. Consequently, with his punching ability and his fierce aggressiveness, he can finish his men quickly.

"Yes, Dempsey is a truly great fighter. He would not have had to fear much even in the days of myself, Fitzsimmons, Corbett, Sharkey, Ruhlin and the like."

# What James J. Corbett Thinks of Dempsey

THE first of the "modern" heavyweight champions, James J. Corbett, fought the same class of ringmen that Jeffries did, and beyond that defeated John L. Sullivan. Corbett introduced the speedy, scientific boxing we know today into the fistic game. He has always been a close student of the boxing game and his divergent opinion regarding the ability of Heavyweight Champion Jack Dempsey is interesting in the light of what we have seen in the opinion of Jeffries.

Corbett has had a passion for studying fighters, especially heavyweights, since the day he himself reigned as the king. Yet strangely enough he has picked no winners in the heavyweight race. In fact, it is a standing theory that if Corbett picks a certain fighter that fighter's opponent is sure to win. However, though Corbett has been un-

(*Continued on page* 19)

# Endurance Bouts Detrimental to Clever Boxing Says Packey McFarland

By JOHN L. (IKE) DORGAN

THE recent announcement by Tex Rickard that twelve or fifteen rounds is a sufficient limit within which to decide any world's championship bout has started a controversy among old timers in the Middle West which, from all indications, will result in a draw verdict. The discussion is based upon the statement that a bout in which a title is at stake should be twenty-five rounds or more, the old timers declaring that the present method of deciding championships is one in which only skill and punishing powers are tested, endurance being entirely left in the background. While the majority of present day fight fans feel a twelve or fifteen round bout gives the defender of the title and his challenger ample opportunity to display his skill and show superiority, the old timers point with pride to the bouts of long duration and remark:

"Those were the days! Then a champion was a real champion!"

It is interesting to note how Packey McFarland, one of the greatest lightweights who ever put on a glove, answered some of these old timers in a Chicago interview recently. Packey, who is a fat but prosperous business man in the Stockyards section of Chicago, comes to the defense of the twelve and fifteen round bouts with the statement:

"A few years ago, when I was in my prime, I was highly ridiculed when I declared that boxing matches, championship bouts and others should be limited to ten and twelve rounds. I fought many bouts of the six, eight and ten round variety, and was highly criticised because I refused to engage in contests of twenty-five or more rounds despite the fact that big inducements were offered me.

"I always contended that endurance was not an essential in boxing—at least not to the extent that would make the fellow who could go the marathon route in boxing the superior to his opponent—who might outclass him in cleverness, speed, hitting power and all other essentials of the boxing game. I contended then and do so now, that any fight longer than ten or twelve rounds, or possibly fifteen at most, necessitates endurance and endurance is very detrimental to clever boxing.

"Boxing as it is now conducted in most states, meets all the requirements. It is usually a ten or twelve round contest and meets with the hearty approval of the spectators. It is only here and there, especially in mountainous states or states where oil has been found, that the twenty or twenty-five route are permitted. Ten or twelve rounds is enough for any man to show what he can do and the fellow who needs more than that should not be entitled to call himself a champion or championship contender.

"You don't hear of Jack Dempsey or Benny Leonard asking promoters to make certain that the bout will be a twenty round affair. Why? Because both are classy fighters, real battlers, who know the game from A to Z and feel confident they can settle the test of supremacy within ten or twelve rounds.

"No real champion needs more than that number. No good man can do his best when he knows he has to travel over the twenty or twenty-five round route, for when he figures he might tire before the end of the twentieth round, he will not exert himself nor box at his best in the early rounds because he will want to save his energy. That is why I always fought against bouts of long duration and I am glad that my arguments of years ago are now bearing fruit."

# What Corbett Thinks of Dempsey

(*Continued from page* 16)

fortunate in his selections, he is a recognized authority on boxers. He has always had plenty of company in making bad guesses and doesn't claim to be infallable.

"Jack Dempsey," says Corbett, "is a nervous fighter. He has a punch, no one can doubt that. He is strong, too, but for my part I don't think he is as good as many champions before him and I do not consider that he has proven his ability through long fights, or through numerous ones.

"I have seen the present heavyweight champion in two battles since he won the title. He won both, and by knockouts, but in neither one was he as impressive as I think a champion should be. I cannot help comparing Dempsey to the men of another era. I may be called old-fashioned and accused of clinging to those "alluring olden days," but I can't help that.

"I know what Jackson, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Sharkey and a host of others could do under all kinds of circumstances. I don't know what Dempsey can do because I don't consider that he ever has been tested. He might, under the severest kind of a test, develop into the greatest fighter the ring ever knew, or he might not. That's hard to say; impossible to say, lacking the test.

"I think Jeffries would have whipped him. Jeffries' left would have turned the trick. Jeff could take it. I think he could have taken anything Dempsey could have given and would have been able still to land a knockout himself.

"Jeffries was stolid. He seemed never to know what excitement was. Dempsey goes to pieces when he is excited. I think Fitzsimmons would have beaten Dempsey, too, but that is by no means certain. Dempsey might have battered Fitz down, as did Jeffries.

"Dempsey may receive a test yet. Gibbons may provide it or it may be Firpo. He may emerge with honors. He may not. But I must hold to my opinion that he does not, to date, rank with many of the old-time heavyweights."

---

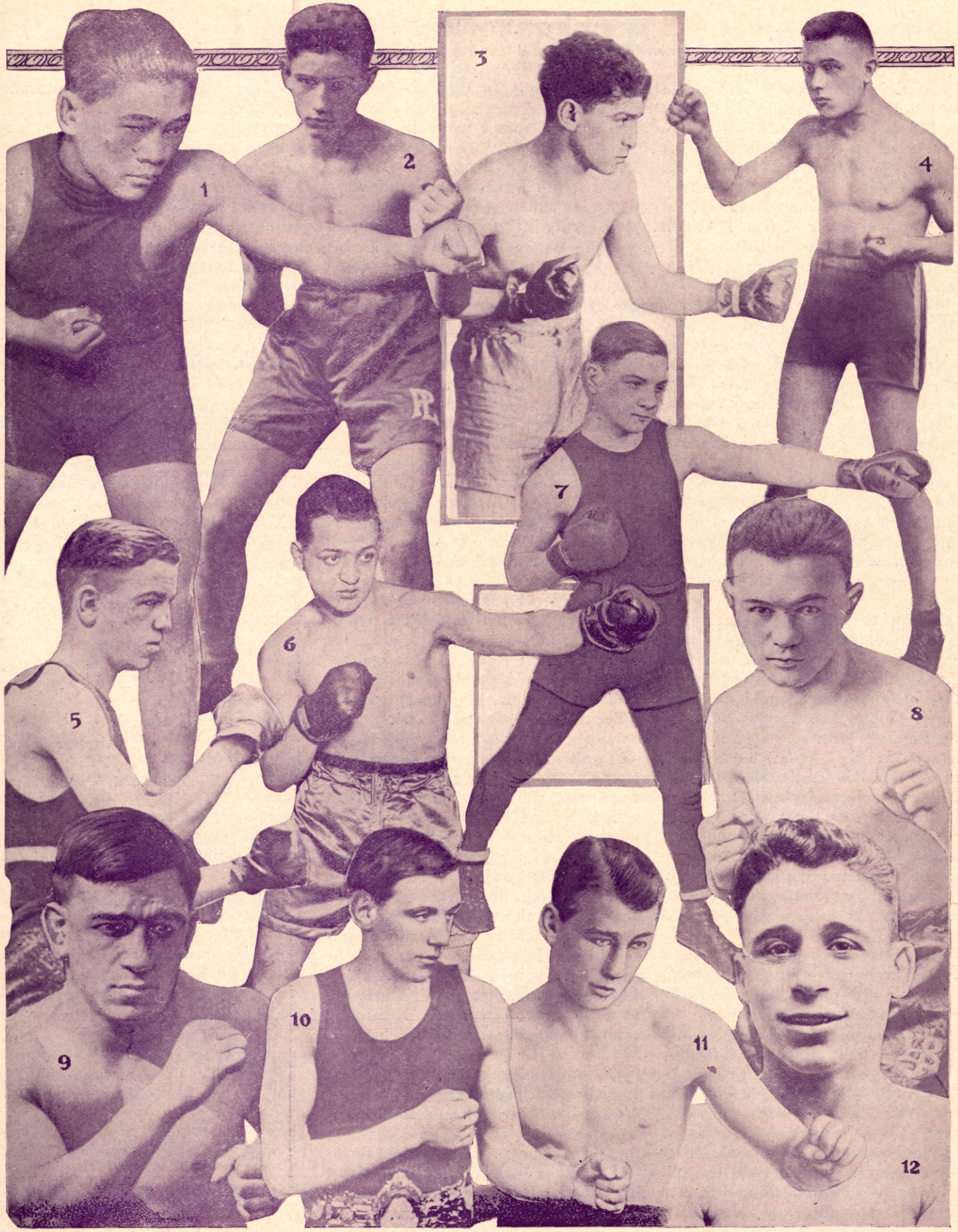
**Tom Sharkey Will Visit Old Ireland**

Tom Sharkey, one-time contender for the heavyweight fighting championship of the world, is planning to visit his old home in Ireland this fall. Sharkey has been a notable figure at the Tijuana race track for the past two or three years and will come East shortly for the New York race meets before going oversea.

# A Crop of Flyweights— The Pugilistic Gamecocks

1—JOE COLLETTI, New York City
2—SAMMY BIENFELD, New York City
3—BENNY SCHWARTZ, Baltimore
4—CHARLEY ROSENBERG, New York City
5—WILLIE DARCY, New York City
6—PATSY WALLACE, Philadelphia
7—GENE LA RUE, Detroit
8—NATE CARP, Baltimore
9—NAT PINCUS, New York City
10—HENNY CATENA, New York City
11—INDIAN RUSSELL, Harrisburg, Pa.
12—BOBBY BOLIN, New York City
13—WILBUR COHEN, New York City
14—SAMMY COHEN, New York City
15—LEROY POWELL, New York City
16—JOE BELMONT, Baltimore

# Pigmies of Fistiana—They Are Small But They Can Fight




1—PANCHO VILLA, Philippine Islands
2—LEW PERFETTI, New York City
3—CORPORAL IZZY SCHWARTZ, New York City
4—BERNIE BEDOU, France
5—AL PETTINGILL, New Orleans
6—FRANKIE GENARO, New York City (Flyweight Champion of America)
7—LITTLE JEFF, Baltimore
8—JOHNNY BUFF, Jersey City
9—PATSY WALLACE, Philadelphia
10—JIMMY WILDE, England
11—BUD TAYLOR, Chicago
12—HARRY AARONS, England

# A Ring Freak Who Could Fight

By LIEUTENANT HEINIE MILLER
U. S. Navy, R. F., former Feather and Lightweight Champion of the Far East, 1906

BACK in the tail-end days of the World War, Willie Meehan, of San Francisco, sprang into nation-wide prominence by cleanly defeating Jack Dempsey in a four round bout held in the Golden Gate City's monster municipal auditorium. Dempsey, at that time, had not yet defeated Willard but Jack was being heralded as the world's "fighting" champion in view of the sad fact that Willard was sulking in his circus tent and not doing much with the mitts.

That bout, by the way, staged by "Sunshine Jim" Coffroth, with the aid and co-operation of Harry Foley (May the sod rest lightly upon him), and this writer, drew something like $24,000 for the Red Cross. Meehan, a seaman second class in the Navy at that time, received exactly $24.72 for beating Dempsey. Jack received transportation from Chicago to San Francisco and return. Those who contend that Dempsey never did ANYTHING in the way of war work might try to laugh that one off.

Meehan beat Dempsey that night. No doubt about it. Eddie Graney, than whom the ring never had a better referee, gave the decision. Immediately the opening gong clanged Dempsey floored Willie. It was the first and only time we have ever seen a boxer literally "knocked loose from his jock strap." Meehan really was knocked loose from the paraphernalia named. But from then on he carried the fight to the present champion and beat Jack.

This unexpected win was the crowning event in one of the most curious ring careers known to pugilistic history.

Willie Meehan began boxing as a bantamweight, meeting and holding his own with such boys as Eddie Campi, Roy Moore and others. Although Meehan never gained an inch in height he took on weight and grew from one class to another. He is probably the only boxer in ring history who fought the best of them in ALL classes. (As a featherweight he boxed such boys as Harry Dell, Frankie Neil and others. As a lightweight we find him battling with Ray Campbell, Antone LaGrave and many other good ones. As a welterweight he did equally as well. As a middleweight he fought Bob McAllister, Ed Petroskey, Charlie Grande and others. As a lightheavy Meehan fought Jack Dillon and Bill Brennan. And then as a heavy we find him mixing things up with such as Dempsey, Harry Wills, Bill Miske and Fred Fulton.

We recall the time Doctor Bernard Klotz, of Vallejo, California, examined Meehan for a twenty round fight in the city named. Meehan showed his usual pudgy rolls of fat, with his waist line dangling over the top of his boxing trunks. Doctor Klotz examined Meehan carefully and thoroughly and stated:

"One of the finest conditioned and muscled athletes in the business. Under the layers of fat are ridges upon ridges of muscles. The layer of fat is additional protection."

Meehan was a ring clown and a very eccentric fellow. This writer once refereed a bout between Meehan and a negro middleweight. The negro took the count but was not out. We bent over him and told him, "If you don't get up and fight you don't get a nickel." Meehan butted in with, "Let him alone. He don't need the money that bad."

While in the Navy, Meehan was attached to the Naval Station at San Pedro, California. It was during the influenza epidemic and the doctor was spraying the men's throats with strong salt water. One noon the doctor was leaning over the pier rail, lost his balance and fell overboard. Meehan yelled, "Help! The doctor fell in his medicine chest!"

After beating Dempsey, Meehan went on the road with Kid McCoy. The Kid used a lot of his old stuff on the opening night in Minneapolis. He showed Meehan up. Although the latter had a fat theatrical contract he packed his grip and came to Frisco, explaining his action with "I was the star. I licked Dempsey. If McCoy wants to hog the act he can have it. See how much he draws without me."

On an earlier occasion Harry Foley, managing Meehan, had him matched for a main event bout in Philadelphia. Nice purse involved too. A day before the fight Harry ordered Meehan to take some castor oil. Meehan didn't like castor oil. He objected but finally took it.

The day of the fight Meehan wanted ice cream. Foley denied this delicacy. Came fight time and Meehan had vanished. Out in San Francisco we read the story of Meehan's disappearance. Foul play was suspected.

About a week later Meehan nonchalantly strolled up Market street, back home. All Willie had to say was, "Foley makes me take castor oil and won't let me have ice cream in Philadelphia. So I came home where I can eat what I want."

On one occasion Meehan was boxing clever Bob McAllister at the Oakland Wheelman's Club, Oakland, Cal. For nine solid rounds McAllister threw assorted left jabs into Meehan's face. After the ninth round Meehan stood in the center of the ring kicking at the overhead lights, some twenty feet above him. When the crowd razzed him Meehan replied:

"I've got as much chance of kicking them as I have of hitting that guy," pointing at McAllister.

Willie also aspired to be a singer. He could sing pretty well. "I like to sing "Mother MAGEE," Willie used to say. On the eve of his departure for the Naval Service Willie was matched to box Kayo Kruvosky, a good light-heavy at that time. The ringsiders knew Willie was leaving for the Service after the bout so they gave him a royal send off.

In the minute interval before the final round Willie stepped to the center of the ring and sang, "Mother, Kiss Your Boy Goodnight!" The tinkle of the gong for the final round interrupted the song but Willie finished the "kiss your boy goodnight" stuff by pounding out a decision over Kruvosky.

Willie's famous "bass drum" punch was the only one of its kind in captivity. It started by looping the right hand round and round, like a baseball pitcher winding up and, in the middle of this manoeuver, slamming a left to the stomach.

## GIVE US YOUR OPINION

THE RING is YOUR magazine. It is published for the betterment of boxing, the greatest of all sports. If you have any suggestions as to how this book may be improved, write to us.

**INTERBOROUGH HANDLES THE RING**

The ring has turned over its entire Metropolitan Distribution to The Interborough News Co. of New York City. Dealers in this section eager to obtain copies of The Ring should get in touch with the Interborough News Co.

# Old Fistic Trainers More Experienced Than the Modern Type

By JACK SKELLY
World Famous Authority on Boxing

ONE of the best assets that a boxer can have and an absolutely essential one is a wise trainer and one who will be obeyed implicitly. More men have come to grief in the ring through being poorly prepared than for any other reason. The professional trainer who was the absolute boss seems to be a thing of the past. There is nothing for conditioning a fighter like the real outdoor life.

Today there is entirely too much indoor gymnasium work with all sorts of fancy didoes. There is no tonic like good fresh air and you can hardly get that in a gymnasium where there are always a lot of hangers-on.

I do not condemn indoor work. What I do condemn is the lack of outdoor preparation for important fights. I love to see the hundred or more boys gathered daily in Mac Levy's Garden gymnasium, at Stillman's Grupp's and others, but I think these boys make terrible blunders when they keep working indoors day after day and fail to make use of Nature's great gift—fresh air.

If Jess Willard had some old experienced, wise trainer like Joe Choynski, Tom O'Rourke or Tommy Ryan, he might still be the high crowned head of fistiana. But we all know that Willard was not in the proper physical fettle when Jack Dempsey annihilated him at Toledo. Jess had neither expert trainers nor seconds on that occasion.

If Dempsey had trained for Bill Brennan away up in the mountains instead of in the very heart of gay and festive New York City, he would have been just as terrific and as effective as he was against Willard.

I never saw such a change in actions and tactics as Dempsey showed against Brennan as compared with his rapid slaughter of mammoth Jess. He was about 60 per cent. less the fighter with Brennan than he was against Willard. Jack seemed to be very nervous, and he lacked his usual cheerfulness and aggressive boyish fighting spirit.

Was Jack properly trained? Did the high and exciting New York life deteriorate his great physique? Did living in rather luxurious apartments with more or less fancy feeding cause him to lose considerable of his speed, hitting power and stamina?

I don't imagine any fighter can train thoroughly in the hustling, bustling, gay and festive metropolis, with thousands of excited admirers constantly at his heels, keeping his nerves at high tension day after day—and a few nights also.

Don't take my opinion about Dempsey and other headliners making a mistake in training in de luxe style, instead of the hard, gruelling old-fashioned way in the backwoods. Ask Tom Jones, Billy Muldoon, or any of the real old timers, and they will undoubtedly laugh at the folly of high life conditioning.

However, the champion now realizes himself the error he made in his last training, and will henceforth seek the restful rural, open country in preparing for his return match with Jess Willard and with Luis Firpo, now booked as Jack's most important combats.

The old trainers of fighting men were usually retired veterans of the ring, who knew the game thoroughly. Probably some of them had gone through many a strenuous gruelling in preparing for a long desperate bare knuckle mill to a battering finish. They were great experts indeed.

Nearly every wise old trainer doctored his own man for any illness or accident. The trainers often cooked all food the fighter ate and slept in the same room with him to watch and nurse him like a mother would a child.

But the old trainers were severe taskmasters. They were the boss, and a fighter had to follow their orders strictly or probably lose his backer, who had put the trainer in full charge of the ringster.

But what a wonderful lot training and fistic knowledge these old trainers possessed! How they could take a fighter who had gone the pace for many, many moons until he appeared almost like a human wreck, and by skilful, careful and faithful training worked the supposed wreck into great fighting form, after two or three months of real truly rural open air exercise!

City and gym training would be considered a joke by the old boys. They conditioned their men far away in secret quarters, where the jollying, exciting hand shakers couldn't get near them.

Old English fighters who came to America a half a century or so ago taught us a lot about the fine points of training. Among them I recall such men as Barney Aaron, Dooney Harris, Tom Allen, Jem Mace, Billy Edwards, Charley Norton, Joe Goss, Billy Madden, Arthur Chambers, Walter Watson, Sam Collyer and many other stars, who could train a man with some fistic ability to battle 100 rounds or more. Yes, the old boys could teach most of the supposed expert trainers of the present "all the tricks of the trade" and still some.

There are many reasons why the old-time trainers were more competent than most of the present day flash, dash chaps.

The old boys took their time to put a fighter in proper form—often two or three months—not a few days.

They first cleaned their system out thoroughly with their own medicine, and they began to build up their man day by day in a careful and wise manner.

They didn't allow a fighter to eat what he wished, nor smoke, sleep or do as he pleased. The trainer was the absolute boss, and the fighter had to work under his orders and system.

The old trainer made a close study of training and fighting for many years, and knew just how to coach, cater, nurse his man into perfect form without any attending physicians and advices from managers, backers or even newspaper writers.

They sent their man into the ring as hard as nails, fit to battle a hundred rounds or more. They were obliged not only to harden their flesh but their skin also, for bare knuckle fights—tan the skin like leather as it were.

If a fighter appeared out of condition in the ring he wasn't blamed for it. It was the chief trainer who was held responsible for a ring man's form. Suppose they held trainers for some boxer's condition today? What a lot of blame some alleged experts would get, eh?

# They Almost Made It—Knockout Brown

By VERNON VAN NESS

**This Is the Fifth of a Series on Near Champions**

THERE have been some great fighters who never became champions. Mike Gibbons, Pack McFarland, Tommy Murphy and scores of others of like calibre, but it is doubtful if any fighter ever brought keener regret to the sport world for his failure than little Knockout Brown, who has been retired now for ten years and still is a youngster.

Knockout Brown, who was and is Valentine Braun, a thick set, cross-eyed two-headed veteran of thirty-three, probably would have made as great a champion as the ring ever knew in the lightweight ranks if fate had not played him a few scurvy tricks. He was the idol of New York City's mirads of fight fans. He won national fame by his wonderful fighting ability and made a neat fortune. But he never became the lightweight champion.

Why? Well, there are several reasons. For one thing he fought in a day when the woods were full of great lightweights, the Nelsons, Wolgasts, Murphys, Leach Crosses, Matt Wellses, Matty Baldwins, Jimmy Duffys, the Joe Rivers and the like. Plenty of good reasons right there if no others could be found. But there was at least one other reason and a mighty important one.

Valentine Braun was born down on the East Side of Manhattan, in New York's great Ghetto and was raised in the environment of continual disturbances. He learned to fight with his fists before he learned his A. B. C's. He was sixteen when he started his professional career and just turned seventeen when he began to appear in the semi-finals around New York.

He was robust, of stocky build, with powerful arms and a barrel chest. His legs were like iron pillars and mighty hard to knock out from under him. But he was the product of an environment where poverty lurked always in the shadows and when he discovered that he could earn more money fighting in the ring, he set himself to make the ring provide what he wanted and what he knew is family—his mother and brothers and sisters—needed and he did not count the cost, did not know of how to reckon the cost, that his continual fighting would mount to.

Knockout Brown would have landed in the lightweight throne, most critics who watched his meteoric career, with its sudden ending, have always held, but that he fought himself out, burned himself up, destroyed his vitality and energy. He retired at twenty-five years of age, a veteran of nearly seven years' ring service and his end came after he had been knocked out—as most fighters ends do come.

Knockout fought with his right hand extended, as does Lew Tendler. He was one of those great infighters, those inspired fighters, who rush in, tear away, batter opponents to pieces and then knock 'em flat. 'Knockout' used to do that and that is where he won his nom de ring of "Knockout."

Between the years of 1908 and 1911 Brown fought 100 battles and he won almost half of them—forty-nine-, to be exact—by the knockout method. As he piled on knockout after knockout to his record he won legions of friends. There was always a packed house when he was on the bill.

Fame, money all came his way. He had been pinched in the huge maelstrom of the East Side's caldron all of his kid life, had always needed things that more fortunate kids get and had seen his father and mother struggle year after year against giant odds and when he saw money flowing into his eutonic thriftiness said to him: "Get it while the getting is good." And that desire cost him the lightweight championship.

Valentine Braun never "ducked" a scrap. He wanted to fight as often as he could secure engagements, and they were not lacking once his fame was assured. Despite the protests that were made time after time by the man who piloted him through his thrilling though short career, Dan Morgan, 'Knockout' insisted upon fighting twenty and thirty times every year. And he was a consciencious worker. He trained hard for all of his fights, always was fit and consequently burned himself out a little more each time he fought.

In the short decisionless bouts around New York this defiance of nature did not show so greatly. He schooled himself, as had Tommy Murphy, to the six and ten round route. In such fights if he could not land his soporific punch he at least was not worn out by the distance he had to travel. He knew just how to set the pace for the number of rounds he knew he would have to go.

But, as his end drew near all unknown to himself, he essayed to broaden his field, to conquor new countries, so hied himself to California and there met Joe Rivers, who then was the most dangerous lightweight in captivity, though he himself proved unable to reach the lightweight title. That bout with Rivers brought the career of Knockout Brown to a sudden halt. Rivers knocked Brown out in ten rounds at Vernon, Cal., on Feb. 22, 1913. He was twenty-five years of age and he was "through." He suffered other knockouts and other defeats and finally retired inside of a year. But that he had misused nature he would have made the grade in another year, no doubt.

"Knockout" liked the glory that came with his ring achievements fully as much as he did the money he earned, and he always expressed keen regret that he did not take things easier and save himself for the time, when the title could have been his.

From a mercenary point of view, however, he was not so unfortunate. He started out to make a fortune so that he could buy comfort and luxuries for his mother and his family. He achieved that goal and he saved most of his money.

"Knockout" recently lost considerable money and no longer is a man of means. He is working in Kearny, New Jersey. He is now sleek and fat, and when asked recently what he would do if he had his career to live over again, this cross-eyed lad replied:

"I'd fight less and do what the boys nowadays do (this with a broad smile) demand more money for each bout and take good care to keep it once I got it."

**This Book Is Copyrighted**

The entire contents, photos and stories of THE RING, are internationally copyrighted. No stories or photo may be reproduced without our consent. Exclusive rights for the reproduction of articles and photos appearing in THE RING may be purchased.

*Mention The Ring*

When doing business with any of our advertisers, kindly mention THE RING.

# Results of Boxing Bouts

### APRIL

**28—Los Angeles, Calif.:**
Frankie McCann and Young Brown, four-round draw.
Dandy Dick Griffin beat Pete Herman, four rounds.

**20—Sacramento, Calif.:**
Dynamite George beat George Lee, four rounds.
Sammy Compagno knocked out Billy Lukeman, third round.

**20—Vancouver, B. C.:**
Vic Foley beat Bud Manning, ten rounds.

**26—Aberdeen, Wash.:**
Solly Seaman beat Kid Johnson, six rounds.
Archie Stoy beat Mickey Hannon, six rounds.
Frankie Green knocked out Eddie Knowles, four rounds.
Cyclone Folmer knocked out Patsy Donovan, one round.

**27—Tacoma, Wash.:**
Ted Krache beat Pete Mitchie, six rounds.
Billy Morrow and Eddie Landen, six-round draw.
Chuck Wellman and Eddie Neil, six-round draw.
Babe Foote and Ludwig Jones, four-round draw.
Billy Sheridan knocked out Ira McCarty, one round.

**30—Centralia, Wash.:**
Bud Martin knocked out Archie Stoy, one round.
Al Gowers knocked out Jack Riley, four rounds.
Cyclone Folmer knocked out Johnny Hawkes, one round.
Barney Williams beat Lonny Parson, four rounds.

**30—Rochester, N. Y.:**
Johnny Michaels and Fred Thompson, eight-round draw.

### MAY

**4—Erie, Pa.:**
Jack Pry knocked out Dude Murphy, two rounds.
K. O. Michaels beat Louis D'Arco, eight rounds.

**7—San Francisco, Calif.:**
Jimmy Sacco and Young McGovern, four-round draw.
Young Robert knocked out Jack Griffin, one round.
Fred Sullivan and Charley Martino, four-round draw.
Kid Riley and Art Springer, four-round draw.
Tim Callaghan beat Baby Gans, four rounds.
Dick Wallace and Billy Gordeaux, four-round draw.
Bobby Smith knocked out Joe Delmont, one round.

**7—San Francisco, Calif.:**
Eddie Barry beat Tommy Comiskey, four rounds.

**7—Seattle, Wash.:**
Travie Davis beat Jimmy Marcus, four rounds.

**8—Aberdeen, Wash.:**
Solly Seaman and Ted Jrache, six-round draw.
Bud Martin beat Lackey Morrow, six rounds.
Eddie McCarty and Cyclone Folmer, four-round draw.
Al Gowers beat Frankie Wicks, four rounds.

**9—Los Angeles, Calif.:**
Sailor Ashmoore beat Bud Soules, four rounds.

**9—San Francisco, Calif.:**
Jake Stahl beat Roy Sutherland, four rounds.
George Gibbons beat Pat Lester, four rounds.
Kid Bumcup beat Alex Tasloff. four rounds.
Soldier Burke and Jimmy Tillman, four-round draw.
Ernie Lundgren beat Jack Kirke, four rounds.
Jimmy Marvin and Jack Wills, four-round draw.
Joe Roach beat Mark Judge, four rounds.

**10—Tacoma, Wash.:**
Bobby Harper beat Eddie Landon, six rounds.
Lackey Morrow knocked out Ben Tracey, second round.
Frankie Britt beat Benny Dotson, four rounds.
Young Sam Langford beat Art Serano, four rounds.
Billy Sheridan beat Joe Kennedy, four rounds.

**11—Everett, Wash.:**
Dode Bercott beat George Burns, six rounds.
Cyclone Percy Walker lost to Billy Harms, six rounds.

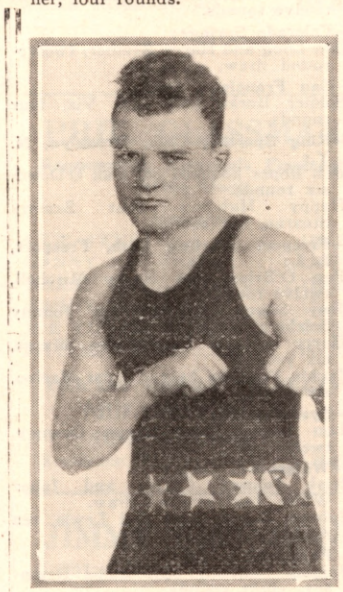
**11—Tenino, Wash.:**
Lackey Morrow and Young Sam Langford, six-round draw.
Eddie McCarty and Young LeDew, four-round draw.
Gib Weaver beat Feliz DeLisle, four rounds.

**11—Youngstown, Ohio:**
Chief Halftown and Dick Evans. ten-round draw.

**11—San Francisco, Calif.:**
Jimmy Sacco beat Terry McGowan, four rounds.
Roy Riley beat Art Springer, four rounds.
Gene Watson and Mike O'Leary, four-round draw.
Dick Hoppe knocked out Bert Morgan, four rounds.
Young Roberts beat Jack Griffin, four rounds.
Roy Kronich and Mickey Rockson, four-round draw.
Doc Allena and Jimmy Ryan, four-round draw.

**11—Tuscon, Ariz.:**
Jack Lynch knocked out Johnny Sudenberg, fourth round.

**12—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:**
Sammy Bienfeld beat Murray Bressner, four rounds.



*Charley Dodge, crack Kansas City Bantamweight, who is on the trail of Joe Lynch*

Sid Terris beat Moe Ginsberg, four rounds.
Harry Mulcahy beat Young Jack Johnson, four rounds.
Tony Sirrocco knocked out Harvey Wilson, two rounds.
Marty Silvers beat Jackie Cope, four rounds.
Joey Silvers and Otto Goldberg, four-round draw.
Tommy Reed defeated Irving Gold, four rounds.
Sonny Cashin and Harry Sahperio, four round draw.
Sammy Stearns beat Willie Clark, four rounds.

**12—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:**
Nick Foley knocked out Dick Russell, nine rounds.
Joe Glick beat Ruby Stein, six rounds.

**14—Centralia, Wash.:**
Bud Martin beat Roy Small, six rounds.
Al Gowers beat Cyclone Percy Walker, six rounds.
Eddie Brock knocked out Herb Dugger, four rounds.
Barney Williams and Gib Weaver, four-round draw.

**14—Pueblo, Colo.:**
Bud Hamilton knocked out Sammy Frager, one round.

**14—Butte, Mont.:**
Joe Eagan beat Tommy Commiskey, twelve rounds

**14—Harlem Fairmont Sporting Club, New York City:**
Joey Leonard beat Mark Eldridge, six rounds.
Lew Hurley beat Frankie Daly, six rounds.
August Pisano beat Otto Grant, six rounds.
Harry London and Vincent Salvatore, six rounds.

**14—Broadway Exhibition Assn., Brooklyn, N. Y.:**
Harry Galfund beat Shamus O'Brien, twelve rounds.
Willie Harmon knocked out Ernie Kohler, third round.
Corporal Schwartz beat Terry Miller, ten rounds.

**14—London, England:**
Joe Beckett knocked out Dick Smith, seventeen rounds.

**14—Troy, N. Y.:**
George Ward knocked out Nich Scanlon, four rounds.
Sid Bernard knocked out Battling Villa, eighth round.

**14—Bridgeport, Conn.:**
Lou Bogash beat Jim Darcey, three rounds.
Ed Kelley knocked out Sailor Jack Carroll, first round.
Chick Brown knocked out Soldier Adams, three rounds.

**14—Pittsburgh, Pa.:**
Jimmy Jones beat Eddie Shevlin, ten rounds.

*Joe Carsen, a Cincinnati Junior Welterweight, who is one of the best boys in Ohio*

**14—Buffalo, N. Y.:**
Teddy Myers beat Johnny Donnelly, six rounds.

**14—Rochester, N. Y.:**
Chubby Brown and Earl France. twelve-round draw.

**14—Trenton, N. J.:**
Charley Goodman knocked out Perry Harlan, seven rounds.
Tommy West knocked out Dan Flynn, third round.

**14—Detroit, Mich.:**
Panama Joe Gans beat Whiet Black, ten rounds.

**14—Lancaster, Pa.:**
Rosey Stoy beat Roy Moore, ten rounds.

**15—Los Angeles, Calif.:**
Frank Burns and Sailor Ashmore, four-round draw.
Sailor Ritter and Sunny Goodrich. four-round draw.

**15—Portland, Ore.:**
Young Carman and Solly Seaman, four-round draw.

**16—Halifax, N. S.:**
Jeff Smith knocked out Harry Krohn, six rounds.

**16—Hamilton, Ontario:**
Bobby Eber beat Midget Smith, ten rounds.

**16—Albany, N. Y.:**
Charley Arthurs and Billy Naylor, ten-round draw
Tony Lyons beat Al Cross, ten rounds.

**16—Boston, Mass.:**
Sailor Byron lost on a foul to Charley Parker, two rounds.

**16—San Francisco, Calif.:**
Chick Roach knocked out Kid Bucump, four rounds.
Pat Lester beat Jack Wills, four rounds.
Jack Dea beat George Gibbson, four rounds.
Sailor Burke beat Jimmy Marvin, four rounds.
Johnny Tillman beat Ray Kronich, four rounds.
Kid Manila beat Joe Delmont, four rounds.
Gene Kelly beat Art Walker, four rounds.

**16—St. Louis, Mo.:**
Frankie Conway beat Johnny McCoy, ten rounds.

**16—San Francisco, Calif.:**
Bert Colima beat Jack Reeves, four rounds.
Tommy Gardner knocked out Bib Getz, one round.
Ray Pelkey and Al Sommers, four-round draw.
Teddy O'Hara beat Louis Garcia, four rounds.
Sailor Makagon and Cap Nelson, four-round draw.
Tim Callahan beat Young Papke, four rounds.
Ted Frenchie beat Jimmy Risso, four rounds.

**17—Queensboro A. C., Long Island City:**
Lou Kid Kaplan knocked out Danny Frush, six rounds.
Billy Defoe beat Jack Hauser, twelve rounds.

**17—Hamilton A. C.. Passaic, N. J.:**
Lew Hurley beat Claude Wilson, twelve rounds.

**17—Pittsfield, Mass.:**
Sandy Taylor beat Walter Lee, ten rounds.

**17—Columbus, Ohio:**
Martin Burke beat Bill Reed, ten rounds.

**17—London, England:**
Jack Bloomfield knocked out Dave McGill, thirteenth round.

**17—Canon City, Colo.:**
Jack Doyle and Kid Belt, twelve-round draw.

**17—Raton, N. M.:**
Bud Hamilton knocked out Jack Callopy, one round.

**17—Chicago, Ill.:**
Mickey Walker beat Cowboy Pladgett, ten rounds.
Gene Tunney beat Jimmy Delaney, ten rounds.

**17—Baltimore, Md.:**
Earl Biard beat Bobby Garcia, ten rounds.

**17—Waterville, Me.:**
Wolf Larsen knocked out Billy Muldoon, one round.

**18—Freeport Sporting Club, Freeport, L. I.:**
Joe Clifford beat Wee Willie Spencer, twelve rounds.
Herman Hart beat Charley Picker, eight rounds.
Joe Meinhardt knocked out Eddie Daley, five rounds.
Sammy Bienfeld knocked out Frankie Farrerro, one round.

**18—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:**
Jimmy Mars beat Kid Sullivan, twelve rounds.
Eddie Martin beat Frankie Zunner, six rounds.
Marty Silvers beat Johnny Solzberg, six rounds.

**18—Windsor, Canada:**
Johnny Dundee beat Jimmy Brady, twelve rounds.

**18—Fall River, Mass.:**
Johnny Darcy knocked out George Drew, seven rounds.

**18—Youngstown. Ohio:**
Jackie Clarke beat Young Fisher, twelve rounds.

**18—New Bedford, Mass.:**
Frankie Britt beat Jeo Curry, ten rounds.

**18—Boston, Mass.:**
Johnny Drew beat Young Manty, ten rounds.

**18—Hoboken, N. J.:**
Ray Neuman beat Joe Borrell, ten rounds.

**18—Louisville, Ky.:**
Pinkey Mitchell knocked out Tom Droney, five rounds.

Ray Schara beat Harry Mulcahy, ten rounds.

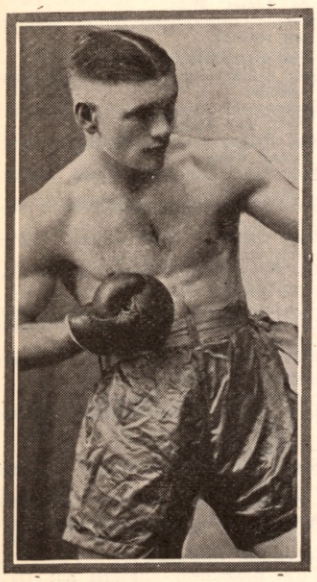
**18—Philadelphia, Pa.:**
Pedro Campo beat Whitey Fitzgerald, eight rounds.
Eddie Revoire beat Jack Martin, eight rounds.

**18—Erie, Pa.:**
Jack Pry beat Vic Craig, eight rounds.
Young Hybert knocked out Cliff Becker, one round.

**19—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:**
Frankie Jerome and Danny Edwards, twelve-round draw.
Kid Buller beat Frankie Curry, twelve rounds.

**19—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:**
Sammy Schiff and Nate Isaacman, twelve-round draw.

**21—Hastings, Neb.:**
Rusty Evans and Kid Morley, ten-round draw.



*Frankie Fitzpatrick, of Mt. Vernon, a featherweight with an impressive record, who recently joined the stable of Phil Bernstein*

**23—Altoona, Pa.:**
Danny Rodgers beat Dick Conlon, ten rounds.

**21—Casper, Wyo.:**
Harvey Perkins beat Hugh Walker, twelve rounds.
George Moser knocked out Lou Dillon, four rounds.
Charley Long knocked out Eddie St. Clair, eight rounds.

**21—Aberdeen, Wash.:**
Ted Krache beat Young Carman, six rounds.
Johnny Fugate beat Bud Martin, six rounds.
Cyclone Folmer beat Ernie Garren, four rounds.
Al Gowers beat Frankie Wicks, four rounds.
Gib Weaver knocked out Lon Perry, three rounds.

**21—Everett, Wash.:**
Eddie Landon beat Red Campbell, six rounds.
Billy Harms beat Leo Stokes, six rounds.

**22—Victoria, B. C.:**
Babe Foote lost to Vic Foley, six rounds.

**22—Seattle, Wash.:**
Jimmy Sacco beat Dode Bercott, six rounds.
Billy Young and Eddie Jackson, six-round draw.
Mysterious Billy Smith, Jr., beat Young Langford, four rounds.
Ernie Daly and Shifty May, four-round draw.

**22—Tacoma, Wash.:**
Frankie Farmer beat Billy Shade, six rounds.
Eddie Neil and Chuck Hellman, six-round draw.
Bud Martin beat Billy Morrow, four rounds.

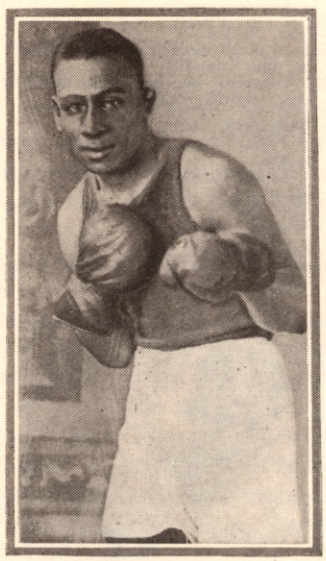
**21—Harlem-Fairmont Sporting Club, New York City:**
Carl Duane beat Harry London, six rounds.
Willie Danny and Willie Davis, ten-round draw.
Artie Pierce beat Jimmy Romano, six rounds.
Marty Powell knocked out Ray Parastino, one round.
Nick Quagerelli beat Bobby Walker, four rounds.

**21—Broadway Exhibition Assn., Brooklyn, N. Y.:**
Willie Harmon won on a foul from Marty Sumners, sixth round.
Charley Goodman beat Joe Ritchie, twelve rounds.

**21—Buffalo, N. Y.:**
Jimmy Slattery beat Johnny Griffiths, six rounds.
Frankie Schoell beat Jack Oakes, six rounds.
Bobby Tracey and Charley O'Connell, six-round draw.
Carl Tremaine beat Freddy Thompson, six rounds.

**21—Boston, Mass.:**
Tommy Nee beat Henry Ford, ten rounds.

**21—Pittsburgh, Pa.:**
Tommy Ryan beat Mike Moran, ten rounds.



*Marty Mandeville, colored lightweight from Jersey, who every one in his class is ducking*

**21—Troy, N. Y.:**
Frankie Young Laurette knocked out Bobby Lyons, one round.
Scotty Williams knocked out Pete McNally, one round.

**21—Detroit, Mich.:**
Sid Barberian beat Bobby Ward, ten rounds.

**21—Brighton Sporting Club, Staten Island, N. Y.:**
Frank Gargano beat Mickey Cancri, twelve rounds.

**21—Columbus, Ohio:**
Tony Zill beat Bud Christiano, twelve rounds.

**21—New Orleans, La.:**
Jimmy King knocked out Johnny Shea, nine rounds.

**21—Chicago, Ill.:**
Sammy Mendall knocked out Eddie Walsh, two rounds.

**22—Queensboro A. C., Long Island City, N. Y.:**
Jack Renault knocked out Joe Lohman, six rounds.
Jimmy Roberts and Otto Johnson, six-round draw.
Lew Perfetti beat Joe Dillon, six rounds.
Sammy Markowitz beat Patsy Brocco, six rounds.
Johnny Vestri beat Charley Delecarty, six rounds.
Patsy Fornunto knocked out Willie Kannard, one round.

**22—Scranton, Pa.:**
Johnny Wilson beat Jim Montgomery, ten rounds.

**22—Albany, N. Y.:**
Jimmy O'Hagen beat Alex Trambitas, ten rounds.
Ruby Stein beat Joe LeBate, eight rounds.

**22—Portland, Ore.:**
Jeff Smith beat Jamaica Kid, twelve rounds.

**24—Columbus Sporting Club, Yonkers, N. Y.:**
Sammy Bienfeld beat Harry Aarons, six rounds.
Sid Buller beat Emil Morro, six rounds.
Larry Estridge beat Pete Coleman, six rounds.
Johnny Rocco knocked out Eli Perry, three rounds.
Al Diamond beat Nat Brant, four rounds.
George Doherty beat Mike Sargent, four rounds.
Johnny Middie knocked out Ritchie Holmes, one round.

**24—Broadway Exhibition Assn., Brooklyn, N. Y.:**
Joe Ryder and Eddie Martin, four-round draw.
Joe Glick beat Al Ketchell, six rounds.
Frankie Albans beat Jackie Murray, six rounds.
Ray Durso beat Dominick Mastrion, six rounds.
Pete Scarno beat Johnny Price, six rounds.
Billy Bell beat Herman Schipp, six rounds.

**24—Philadelphia, Pa.:**
Bobby Wolgast beat Pancho Villa, eight rounds.
Elino Flores beat Joe Tiplitz, eight rounds.
Patsy Wallace beat Johnny Buff, eight rounds.
George Chaney lost on a foul to Danny Kramer, three rounds.
Andy Kid Palmer beat Jack McCarron, eight rounds.

**24—Cambridge, Mass.:**
Hambone Kelly knocked out Cyclone Ketchell, one round.

**24—Lowell, Mass.:**
Phinney Boyle beat Johnny Avila, ten rounds.

**24—Montreal, Canada:**
Benny Valgar beat Solly Green, twelve rounds.

**24—Colorado Springs:**
Don Long and Harry Bramer, twelve-round draw.

**24—San Francisco, Calif.:**
Soldier Burke beat Jack Via, four rounds.

**25—Ring Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:**
Bob Roper knocked out Dan O'Dowd, six rounds.
Happy Mahoney beat Sammy Stearns, ten rounds.

**25—Freeport Sporting Club, Freeport, L. I.:**
Pep O'Brien beat Harry Mitchell, twelve rounds.
Joey Silvers knocked out Johnny Solzberg, sixth round.
Harry Mulcahy beat Marty Silvers, six rounds.
Jackie Feldman beat August Marino, six rounds.

**25—Syracuse, N. Y.:**
Lou Bogash beat Bryan Downey, twelve rounds.

**25—Waterbury, Conn.:**
Irish Johnny Curtin and Jabez White, twelve-round draw.
Johnny Darcey beat Kid Lewis, ten rounds.

**25—Philadelphia, Pa.:**
Johnny Donnelly beat Eddie Dempsey, eight rounds.

**25—Boston, Mass.:**
Steve Gustin beat Freddie Williams, ten rounds.

**25—Toledo, Ohio:**
Panama Joe Gans beat Tiger Flowers, ten rounds.

**25—Milwaukee, Wis.:**
Ritchie Mitchell beat Joe Jawson, ten rounds.

**25—San Francisco, Calif.:**
Johnny Reisler beat Jimmy Dundee, four rounds.
George Lamson beat Tom Gardner, four rounds.
Eddie Ramies and Joe King Leopold, four-round draw.
Racehorse Roberts beat Jimmy Ross, four rounds.
Manuel Azavedo beat Young Papke, four rounds.
Billy Corbeau beat Frankie Thomas, four rounds.
Bobby Burns beat Frank Martino, four rounds.

**26—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:**
Henny Catena beat Bobby Doyle, ten rounds.
Willie Pfeffer and Buddy Saunders, ten-round draw.
Wilbur Cohen beat Manny Wexler, ten rounds.

**26—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:**
Buck Josephs beat Sonny Smith, twelve rounds.
Al Felder beat Corporal Schwartz, ten rounds.
Jackie Harris beat Jackie Coburn, six rounds.
Charley Izzo knocked out Sid Wells, one round.

**26—Sioux City, Iowa:**
Rusty Evans beat Clark Connors, ten rounds.

**26—San Francisco, Calif.:**
Sunny Jim beat Jack Inman, four rounds.
Gene Watson and Eddie White, four-round draw.
Young McGovern beat Mike O'Leary, four rounds.
Charley Sullivan beat Tim Callahan, four rounds.
Sailor Smith beat Bobby Gray, four rounds.
Mickey Rockson and Johnny Burns, four-round draw.
Ernie Lungren beat Billy Spring, four rounds.

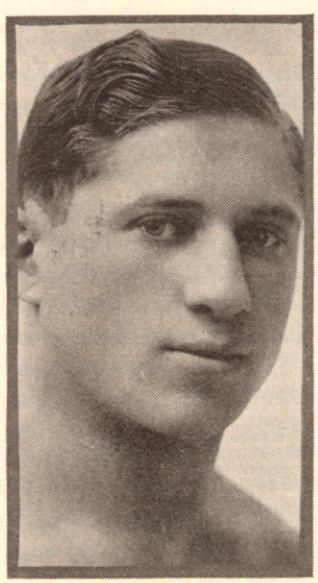
**28—Harlem-Fairmont Sporting Club, New York City:**
K. O. Phil Kaplan knocked out Jack McFarland, eight rounds.
Frankie Jerome knocked out Joe Geller, eight rounds.

**28—Broadway Exhibition Assn., Brooklyn, N. Y.:**
Johnny Clinton beat Herb Brodie, twelve rounds.

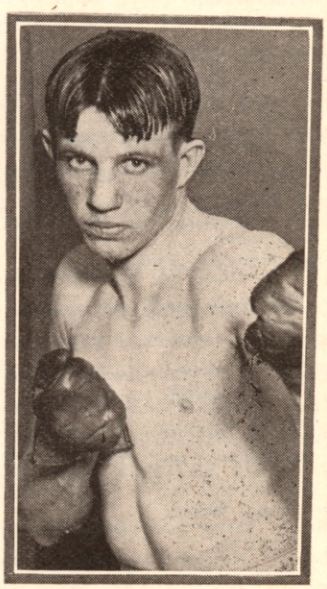
**28—Harrison, N. J.:**
Larry Estridge beat Sailor Darden, twelve rounds.

**28—Troy, N. Y.:**
Frankie La Fay beat Dutch Brandt, twelve rounds.
Willie Davis and Harry Nelson, ten-round draw.

(*Continued on page 28*)



*Abe Friedman, New England's bantam, who is rated high in his division*



*Joe O'Hara, the Chicago youngster, who a short time ago gave Jack Britten a hard fight*

## ROBERT "Bob" GUNNIS

*Pennsylvania's Premier Boxing Promoter*

**Drew capacity with every show at National League Ball Park**

"Everyone knows Bob."

**Address: Philadelphia, Pa.**

Managing
JOHNNY MEALEY
Philadelphia's crack lightweight.

## BILLY HENDERSON

*Manager*
**39 COURT ST., ROOM B**
**BOSTON, MASS.**

Office Phone: Main 6124
Home Phone: Brookline 7219-M

EDDIE SHEVLIN
New England Welterweight Champion

JIMMY FRUZZETTI
New England Lightweight Champion

## LEW DIAMOND

**76 NEWARK AVENUE**
**JERSEY CITY, N. J.**

Telephone: Montgomery 5539

JOHNNY BUFF—Former Bantamweight Champion of the World; Former Flyweight Champion of America.

JOHNNY DRUMMIE
Junior Lightweight

JABEZ WHITE, Albany Bantam
JIMMY O'HAGEN, Albany Midwgt.
RAY NEWMAN, 175 lbs.

Secretary, JOS. KANE
215 First St., Jersey City, N. J.

## JOHNNY DUNDEE

130-Pound
AMERICAN CHAMPION

**375 Riverside Drive**
**New York City, N. Y.**
Telephone Academy 6437

**Ridgeway Avenue**
**West Orange, N. J.**
Telephone Orange 147

Leading Contender for the Titles of Benny Leonard and Johnny Kilbane. A Veteran Battler, Ready at all Times to Meet All Comers.

## ED. LARKIN

**253 WEST 93rd STREET**
**NEW YORK CITY**

Day Telephone FitzRoy 4842
Night Telephone Riverside 2403

Frankie Fasano.....113 lbs.
Leroy Powell.....113 lbs.

## HARRY SEGAL

**24 WEST 111th STREET**
**NEW YORK CITY**

Phone 9290 Cathedral (P.M.)
University 6660 (day)

DANNY LEE.....113 lbs.
CHAS. ROSENBERG.....116 lbs.

## JIMMY DUNN

**2433 WEST 25TH STREET**
**CLEVELAND, OHIO**

*Managing the greatest galaxy of boxing stars in America, including*

**BRYAN DOWNEY**
*Western Middleweight*

CARL TREMAINE, coming Bantam Champion.
CHARLEY O'CONNELL, 133-135 lbs.
JOHNNY KARR.....147 lbs.
AL CORBETT.....120 lbs.
MARTIN BURKE.....Heavyweight
Also other stars in every division.

## TOMMY McGINTY

**2531 LORAIN AVE.**
**CLEVELAND, OHIO**

*Manager of*

JOHNNY KLESCH....Middleweight
JACK WOLFE.....Bantamweight
DANNY FRUSH.....Featherweight
VINCENT POKORNI..Welterweight
JIMMY KATZ.....Lightweight
RITCHIE COLBERT, Junior Lightweight

Telephone Lincoln 913—Central 1498

## MAX HOFF

**Suite 61, Estey Building**
**17th and Walnut Streets**
**Philadelphia, Pa.**
Phone Spruce 6744

MANAGING
KID WAGNER, contender for featherweight and junior lightweight titles.
JOE JACKSON, Pennsylvania's welterweight champion, on trail of Mickey Walker.
BENNY BERRIS, of Chicago, 126 pounds of fighting machinery.
KID WOLFE, 112 pounds, but willing to encounter the bantams.

## PHIL. GLASSMAN

Representing America's Foremost Fistic Stars

*Managing*

LEW TENDLER .....135 lbs.
DANNY KRAMER .....118 lbs.
HARRY (KID) BROWN.....130 lbs.
BENNY BASS .....122 lbs.
JOE TIPLITZ .....135 lbs.
RAY MITCHELL .....135 lbs.

**13th and MARKET STREETS**
**PHILADELPHIA, PA.**
Telephone: Locust 4004
Residence Phone: Sherwood 1960

## JAMES DOUGHERTY

**RIDLEY PARK, PA.**
Phone Ridley Park 502

*Managing*
**BOBBY BARRETT**
*Philadelphia's Nonpareil*

Has drawn larger houses than any fighter appearing in Philadelphia.

## JOE McKENNA and LEW BARNETT

**Suite 301-A, Putnam Bldg.**
**1493 Broadway, New York City**
**Phones: Bryant 8850 and Worth 2463**

Present
(CORPORAL) IZZY SCHWARTZ
Flyweight Champion, U. S. Army

JIMMY (SONNY) CASHEN
Bantamweight Champion, National Guard

CHARLIE PICKER
Welterweight Champion, National Guard

## JOHN A. REIBER

**255 STANTON STREET**
**BUFFALO, N. Y.**

*Managing*

BUDDY RIDLEY....Featherweight
ART. WEIGAND.....Lightweight
FRANK KLOBY.....Bantamweight
FRED MUELLER....Bantamweight
CHRIST MUELLER.....Flyweight

## JIMMY BRONSON

**301 Gaiety Theatre Bldg.**

Telephone: Bryant 9814

DIRECTING
BOB MARTIN—A. E. F. and Inter-Allied Heavyweight Champion.
EDDIE BURNBROOK—United States Army Welterweight Champion.
JACK ZIVIC—Former World's Amateur Lightweight Champion.
JOE RYAN—1922 National Amateur Light and Welterweight Champion.
IRVING JAMPOL—Former A. A. U. Featherweight Champion.
PETE ZIVIC—Former World's Amateur Bantamweight Champion.
Fighters who Fight from Gong to Gong.

## JACK JONES

**1547 BROADWAY, Room 609**
**NEW YORK CITY**

Office Telephone: Bryant 6388
Home Telephone: Astoria 3579

AL NORTON, Welterweight, who recently boxed Dave Shade a twelve-round draw.

SHAMUS O'BRIEN, Lightweight, Irish Champion, 135 lbs.

JERRY WALSH, 118 lbs.

J. Lanahan, 145 lbs., most promising Welter in captivity.

## SAM WALLACH

**92 WILLIAM STREET**
**NEW YORK CITY**

Phone:
Office: John 5297
Residence: Fordham 1106

*Manager of*

EARL BAIRD
Contender for Featherweight Title

EARL FRANCE—Lightweight

SID BERT—Lightweight

## CHARLEY COOK

| | Lbs. |
|---|---|
| FLOYD JOHNSON | Heavy, 195 |
| TOMMY ROBSON | Middle, 160 |
| JACK TILYOU | Welter, 148 |
| GEORGE LAVIGNE | Light, 135 |
| JIMMY CARROLL | Light, 135 |
| JOHNNY CONEY | Feather, 128 |
| EDDIE JAMES | Feather, 126 |
| GEORGIE MARKS | Bantam, 115 |

**Residence: 195 West End Ave.**

Office Telephone: Bryant 5878
Night Telephone: Columbus 0959

## JOHNNY COX

**2618 BARONNE STREET**
**NEW ORLEANS, LA.**

AL PETTINGILL
Southern Flyweight Champion and Protege of Pete Herman

AL NELSON
New England Middleweight Champion

GEORGE KUHN
The Shreveport, La., "Tornado" Middleweight

TERRY McGOVERN
Junior Lightweight

**Fighters at All Weights**
**THE SOUTH'S LEADING MANAGER**
Phone Main 136 After Midnight

## TOMMY MOORE

**Eagle Temple Bath Parlors**
Phone 1776-J

**Residence: 118 Lincoln Street**
Phone 590-J

**JAMESTOWN, N. Y.**

*Managing*

WALLY HINCKLE .....147-158
K. O. JOHNNY MICHAELS..122-124
CHIEF HALFTOWN .....158-160
JACK VASCHER .....154-158
JACK PRY .....142-145
CLIFF BECKER .....147-150
AUGIE CARLSON (Amateur) 160-170
And Others

## J. L. (Ike) DORGAN

**MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**
**NEW YORK CITY**

*Managing*

CHARLIE WHITE, of Chicago, Lightweight, 135 pounds. Leading contender for Benny Leonard's title.

FAY KEISER, Middleweight, 160 pounds.

JACK STARK, 124 pounds. Ex-N. Y. State Amateur Champion.

CHARLIE McKENNA, Light Heavyweight.

**CHARLEY EBERHARDT**
**4 SOUTH FRONT STREET**
**MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE**

**PAL MOORE**
***Sensational Bantamweight***

**Champion of**
**South Atlantic States**

---

**PADDY MULLINS**
217 Ocean Parkway
**BROOKLYN, N. Y.**
Telephone Windsor 8200

*Manager of*
**HARRY WILLS**
**World's Greatest Negro Heavyweight**

MIKE O'DOWD
Former Middleweight Champion
SAMMY COHEN—Flyweight
JOE PLEDGE—Middleweight

---

**BOB URICHO**
**Office: Rand Hotel Bldg.**
**CINCINNATI, OHIO**
Phone, Day and Night: Main 2340

GENE LaRUE, Canadian Flyweight Champion .....112 lbs.
BILLY RAY.....116 lbs.
SAMMY SANDOW .....120 lbs.
CLIFF KUMLER .....130 lbs.
CHAS. METRIE .....138 lbs.
JOE CARSON .....142 lbs.
JACK SHEPPARD .....146 lbs.
AL THOMPSON .....156 lbs.
And Other Boys

---

**FRANKIE ROWAN, Bantamweight, Champion of the West.**

**FRANKIE KELLY, Middleweight of South.**

**MICKEY GREENBERG, Lightweight, New York.**

***Under the Direction of***

**MARTY OWENS**
**229 East 80th St., N. Y. City**
**Phone Rhinelander 6696**

---

**JOSEPH H. SMITH**
**1610 RITNER STREET**
**PHILADELPHIA, PA.**
Telephone Oregon 7359-J

*Managing*
**TOMMY LOUGHRAN**
**of Philadelphia**
**Undefeated middleweight and claimant of Johnny Wilson's crown.**

JOHNNY McLAUGHLIN
Welterweight
JIMMY DRIGGS—Flyweight
Johnny Donnelly, lightweight, who is after Leonard title.

---

**HENRY OLSON**
**201 EAST 30th STREET**
**NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.**
Phones: Lexington 5539 and Lexington 5555

*Manager of*
CLEM JOHNSON, Foremost Negro Rival of Harry Wills

FRANKIE OLSON, Crack Junior Lightweight

Two Real Fighters—No Stalling—
Action and Plenty of It.

---

**GEORGE P. MOORE**
**DANNY EDWARDS, Colored Bantamweight Champion of the World.**
**WILLIE WALKER, Middleweight Champion of the National Guard.**
**KID BULLER, Featherweight Champion of the National Guard.**
**WILLIE ST. CLAIR, Colored Lightweight Champion of the Pacific Coast.**

**Coast Address:**
**Golden West Hotel, Portland, Oregon**
**New York Address:**
**4 West 129th St. Phone Harlem 1187**

---

**VAL FITZPATRICK**
**3493 Broadway, New York City**
**Telephone: Audubon 6500 Ext. B.**
**Audubon 4280**

Managing
**SID "KID" FLAKE**, contender for junior lightweight championship. Recognized title holder in the Southwest. Texas Experts have dubbed him **"THE GALVESTON FLASH."** Ready to meet the world's best boys at 130 pounds.

---

**PHIL BERNSTEIN**
**NEW YORK**
**NIGHT AND DAY**
**PHONE TREMONT 0491**
**Res. 2607 Jerome Ave., New York City**
**DAY PHONES**
**University 6711 and 6830**
**109 Lenox Ave., New York City**

FRANKIE GENARO—American Flyweight Champion.
CHARLEY BEECHER—Bantam or Feather.
HARRY LONDON—The Crashing Cossack.
SOLLY SEEMAN—Junior Lightweight.
FRANKIE FAY—BANTAM.
FRANKIE FITZPATRICK—Junior Lightweight.
MIKE CARRIER—Welterweight.
PETE WILLIAMS—Welterweight.

---

**LEO P. FLYNN**
**Rooms 601, Gaiety Theatre Bldg.**
**Phone: Bryant 5144**
**Home Phone: Stuyvesant 5714**

***Manager of America's Leading Boxers***

**BILL BRENNAN .....200 lbs.**
**KID NORFOLK .....175 lbs.**
**PANAMA JOE GANS.....154 lbs.**
**BILLY SHADE .....175 lbs.**
**GEORGE SHADE .....160 lbs.**
**DAVE SHADE .....147 lbs.**
**PETE HARTLEY .....135 lbs.**
**CLONIE TATE .....135 lbs.**

---

**FRANK RAPPOLD**
**641 Walnut Street**
**Cincinnati, Ohio**
**Phone: Canal 5239**

**Middle West's Famous Fight Manager**

Following are names of the boys under my personal management:

SPEEDY SPARKS.....Middleweight
TONY CARCIFERRO.....Lightweight
JIMMY BROWN.....Bantamweight
WILLIE SULLIVAN.....Bantamweight
GENE LaRUE.....Flyweight
FIGHTING FERRARIS.....Featherweight

---

**HUGH SHANNON**
**95 SARANAC AVENUE**
**BUFFALO, N. Y.**
Telephone: Crescent 4250

Managing
TOMMY RYAN
McKeesport Bantamweight

TED JOYCE
Canadian Bantam Champion

TOMMY PHILLIPS
Buffalo Lightweight

JACK OAKES
Colored Welterweight Star


## BOXING BOUTS RESULTS

*(Continued from page 26)*

**28—Motor Square Garden, Pittsburgh, Pa.:**
Mike Ballerino beat Cuddy De Marco, ten rounds.
**28—York, Pa.:**
K. O. Willie Loughlin beat Johnny Gill, ten rounds.
**28—Portland, Me.:**
Jimmy Fruzzetti beat Red Mak, ten rounds.
**28—New Orleans, La.:**
Basil Galiano beat Pal Moran, fifteen rounds.
Eddie Brady knocked out Ray Donlan, fifth round.
**28—Covington, Ky.:**
Anthony Downey beat Young Fisher, twelve rounds.
**29—Queensboro A. C., Long Island City, N. Y.:**
Benny Valger beat Billy Defoe, twelve rounds.
Abe Goldstein knocked out Willie Darcy, four rounds.
**29—Chicago, Ill.:**
Benny Leonard knocked out Pinkey Mitchell, ten rounds.
Joe Burman knocked out Patsy Flanagan, third round.
Lew Hurley knocked out Harold Smith, fifth round.
Sammy Mandell beat Frankie Garcia, eight rounds.
Johnny Pee Wee Kaiser beat Charley Glazner, eight rounds.
**29—Providence, R. I.:**
Joe Lynch and Young Montreal, ten-round draw.
**29—Boston, Mass.:**
Eddie Kid Wagner beat Mickey Travers, ten rounds.
**29—Worcester, Mass.:**
Archie Walker beat George Lee, ten rounds.
**29—Danbury, Conn.:**
Billy Carney beat K. O. Lenney, ten rounds.
**29—Albany, N. Y.:**
Frank Carbone beat Jimmy Darcy, twelve rounds.
**29—Harrisburg, Pa.:**
Nate Isaacman and Joe Dundee, ten-round draw.
Little Jeff beat Kid Fredericks, ten rounds.
**29—Trenton, N. J.:**
Pat Mills beat Ray Mitchell, ten rounds.
Mickey Mooney beat Sammy Fulton, ten rounds.
**29—Youngstown, Ohio:**
Teddy Joyce beat Mog Pugh, ten rounds.
**29—Indianapolis, Ind.:**
Bud Taylor beat Johnny Shappard, ten rounds.
**30—Velodrome, New York City:**
Jack Bernstein beat Johnny Dundee, fifteen rounds.
Andy Chaney beat Red Cap Wilson, twelve rounds.
Georgie Vanderbilt beat Joey Schwartz, six rounds.
Tony Vacarrelli beat George Bender, four rounds.
**30—Woonsocket, R. I.:**
Eddie Shevlin beat Alex Trambitas, ten rounds.
**30—Baltimore, Md.:**
Eddie Burnbrook knocked out Phil Bloom, nine rounds.
**30—Erie, Pa.:**
Tommy Murray beat Eddie O'Dowd, twelve rounds.
**30—Wheeling, W. Va.:**
Tommy Phillips beat K. O. Mars, twelve rounds.
**31—Cambridge, Mass.:**
Newport Johnny Brown beat Kid Dube, ten rounds.
**31—Scranton, Pa.:**
Billy Pollock beat Pep O'Brien, ten rounds.
Sailor Pacilio beat Lew Herman, ten rounds.
Joe Celmars beat Roy King, ten rounds.

**JUNE**

**1—San Francisco:**
Young McGovern and Red Cole disqualified for stalling, fourth round.
Sunny Jim beat Jack Inman, four rounds.
Jack Silver beat Gene Watson, four rounds.
Eddie White beat Sailor Duarte, four rounds.
Harry Wallace beat Frankie Novey, four rounds.
Mickey Rockson beat Martin O'Shea, four rounds.
Joe Roche beat Jimmy Dell, four rounds.
**1—Vancouver, B. C.:**
Vic Foley beat Johnny McManus, six rounds.
**1—Sacramento Calif.:**
Al Walker and Joe Lynch, four-round draw.
**1—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:**
Bill Tate knocked out Tom Cowler, five rounds.
Willie Walker knocked out Rudy Martens, fifth round.
**1—Queensboro A. C., Long Island City:**
Italian Joe Gans knocked out Pat Walsh, eighth round.
Willie Kohler beat Sid Barnard, ten rounds.
Johnny Reno beat Johnny Leonard, ten rounds.
**1—Steeplechase A. A., Rockaway Beach:**
Larry Goldberg beat Wee Willie Spencer, twelve rounds.
Johnny Herman beat Jimmy Kelly, twelve rounds.
**1—Fall River, Mass.:**
Johnny Darcy beat Wildman Gould, ten rounds.
**1—Freeport Sporting Club, Freeport, L. I.:**
Joe Skinner and Marty Powell, twelve-round draw.
Frankie Zunner beat Sonny Cashin, eight rounds.
**1—Empire A. A., Hoboken, N. J.:**
Rocky Smith beat Harry Martone, twelve rounds.
**1—Montreal, Canada:**
Bert Sneider beat Mixer Mitchell, twelve rounds.
**1—Kalamazoo, Mich.:**
Homer Smoth beat Ted Jameison, ten rounds.
**4—Broadway Exhibition Assn., Brooklyn, N. Y.:**
Abe Friedman beat Patsy Flanagan, twelve rounds.
Johnny Gray beat Frankie Coster, twelve rounds.
**4—Oakland A. A., Jersey City. N. J.:**
Jabez White beat Danny Edwards, twelve rounds.
**4—Brighton Sporting Club, Staten Island, N. Y.:**
Jay Lanahan knocked out Wildcat Nelson, three rounds.
Kid Rash knocked out Harry Brooks, three rounds.
**4—Mariesville, R. I.:**
Young Fisher beat Pal Reed, ten rounds.
**4—London, England:**
Roland Todd beat Augie Ratner, twenty rounds.
**4—Hamilton, Ontario:**
Bad News Ebar beat Irish Johnny Curtin, ten rounds.
**4—Buffalo, N. Y.:**
Jimmy Slattery knocked out Kid Loughlin, one round.
Bud Christiano and Bobby Tracy, six-round draw.
**4—Pittsburgh, Pa.:**
Tommy Ryan beat Abe Goldstein, ten rounds.
**4—Columbus, Ohio:**
Anthony Downey beat Jack Perry, ten rounds.
**4—Allentown, Pa.:**
Sid Bernard beat Bobby Williams, ten rounds.
**4—Quebec. Canada:**
Feluz King knocked out Bert Schneider, six rounds.
**5—Queensboro Stadium, Long Island City:**
Danny Lee knocked out Sammy Nable, nine rounds.
Buck Josephs beat Sammy Cohen, twelve rounds.
**5—Albany, N. Y.:**
Chubby Brown beat Bobby Michaels, twelve rounds.
**5—Scranton, Pa.:**
Pete Latzo knocked out George Young Erne, six rounds.

# Shadows of the Past—Ad Wolgast

**No. XVIII**

**By FRANK E. COULTRY**

JUST thirteen years ago on the twenty-second day of February, on the natal day of the Father of our Country, a blond little fellow, his face wreathed in smiles, stepped into the resin-sprinkled ring in the arena at Port Richmond, Cal., and looked the lightweight champion of the world straight in the eyes.

And the lightweight champion, whose battered face bespoke of his trade and whose badge of office, the tattered bathrobe that held forth as the royal ermine, swept in fine, kingly stride across the ring and sneered right back at the blond young man.

Well, the blond young man didn't like that at all. He told his seconds so. He kept thinking about it continually while the photographers snapped him in fighting pose.

Finally the crowd settled itself, the photographers finished their jobs and the gloves were laced on and the announcer came forward. Said he:

"In this co-nah we have Ad Wolgast, Cad'lac, Michigan.

"Ov-ah here in the otha-h co-nah, we have Battlin' Nelson, champ-yon lightweight of the world, the greatest champyon we eva-h had, the man who beat Joe Gans, the great colored champ-yon. The weights are 133 pounds, ringside. The distance is twenty rounds to a decision. The referee is Mista-h Eddie Smith."

Then Referee Eddie Smith called the two men to the centre of the ring and instructed them in the usual formal manner and the boxers shook hands and stepped back and the bell rang and they were at it. These boys weren't boxers. They were fighters. Take one to land one, was the recipe each had for achieving victory. In a few seconds they each had swung, each had missed and then each had landed jabs and they came to a clinch.

"So you are Bat Nelson, the lightweight champion of the world, eh," said Wolgast as he stuck his bristley chin into Bat's shoulder blade and gave a tantalizing twist that must have felt refreshing to Bat.

"Well, Mister Nelson, pleased to meet you. After this is over the address of the new lightweight champion of the world will be Cadillac, Michigan."

It isn't recorded that Bat replied. Bat wasn't one to make reply to verbal fusilades. Not until after life did Bat acquire his facile address and retort courteous.

But the records do tell that at the end of twenty rounds Bat Nelson was reposing on the canvas and Ad Wolgast was crowned the lightweight king. Bat wasn't out, according to some, but Eddie Smith declared Wolgast a victor by a K. O. Bat, in any event, was badly whipped, badly battered and for the first time the battering had told and the old system had collapsed.

That was one of the great fights of a decade when great fights were the rule.

*Ad Wolgast, who earned a fortune in ring but lost it. He is now working for the movies.*

It marked the passing of one of the Homeric champions of modern pugilism and the rise of another of the same stamp.

And now, in thirteen years, Wolgast, too, has passed, and he, with Bat, stands on the outside looking it at Benny Leonard, present wearer of the lightweight crown jewels.

At thirty-four years of age Ad Wolgast is a memory to even old-time fans and merely a name to a new generation. Time dealt harshly with Ad, and what Time couldn't do to strip this sturdy lad of his heritage, the lad himself did.

Wolgast earned a fortune, maybe a quarter of a million dollars, and yet he has fallen upon evil days where he is the subject of a benefit every now and then when the wolf gets a bit too close to the portals. And besides that Ad's health has not been of the best. He is at present being taken care of by the Robertson-Cole Producing Co., in Los Angeles, where he and Jos Rivers are helping Eddie O'Hara in "Fighting Blood," in which O'Hara is the star. The story was written by H. C. Witwer.

Ad Wolgast had a picturesque career. He started boxing in 1906, at sixteen. He fought over twenty bouts before he gained any sort of recognition. Then a ten-round no-decision bout with Abe Attell at Los Angeles in December, 1908, brought him some prestige. He went down the line through the lightweights of the day, meeting, among others, Frankie Picato, George Memsic, Tommy Langdon, Tommy O'Toole, Battling Nelson, going ten rounds in a decisionless affair in Los Angeles. Tommy Murphy, Matty Baldwin, Lew Powell, then Memsic for a second time and finally Nelson, for a second time, and for the title.

Wolgast's best year was the one following his acquisition of the title. In 1910, the same year he beat Nelson, Wolgast fought Charley White, Jack Redmond, Freddie Cole and Tommy McFarland. In 1911 he started off with two no-decision bouts with K. O. Brown, the little East Side whirlwind. The first bout was six rounds in Philadelphia and the second was ten rounds in New York City.

Wolgast started after this last bout to tack on the K. O.'s to his list. He knocked out George Memsic in nine rounds, flattended Antonio LeGrave in five, knocked out One Round Hogan, the Coast flash, in two rounds in New York City, knocked out Frankie Burns in seventeen rounds and Owen Moran in thirteen rounds.

These two latter battles were in 'Frisco. He fought a four-round no-decision bout with Willie Ritchie in 'Frisco in May, 1912. On July 4 of the same year he knocked out Joe Rivers, the slugging Mexican, and then began to slip ever so slightly.

He finally was matched with Willie Ritchie on November 28 at Day City, Cal., and Ritchie won the lightweight title from Wolgast on a foul in the sixteenth round. And that practically was the end of Ad., though he kept on fighting for a few years, meeting Harlem Tommy Murphy on two occasions, one being a draw, the other a victory for Murphy, and to windup he fought an-

(*Continued on page 30*)

# Outlaw Boxing—Suggested Remedies

By MAL (Doc) McGILVERY

DESPITE the fact that the legislatures of Arkansas and Texas continue to frown on professional boxing and yet maintain the so-called prize fight laws on the statute books, certain promoters of these two named commonwealths insist on operating and by such operation not only make it harder to have favorable legislation passed, but hurt the glove sport by the manner recently shown in specific cases to be dealt with in this article.

It is a fact that the boxing fans of certain centers in both Texas and Arkansas relish good, clean, genuine boxing bouts and would unquestionably patronize such contests were they staged, but—and there is no use beating about the bush—the statutes say positively 'NO' and 'NO' it should and must be until the law gives its official 'O. K.' to the subject. No good can come to the sport when promoters insist on winking at the law, in some instances paying hush-money in order that a certain class of officials may get on the payroll and give his consent to something that is contrary to law.

Just so long as this continues, just so long will boxing be under the ban in certain states in the south and southwest. Rather, a thousand times should the various promoters get together, organize and by methods clean and above board point out to those opposed to the legalization of boxing, what our government did to encourage boxing in the cantonment days and also overseas where tens of thousands of the khaki clad youths had the time of their lives either taking part in the innocent bouts or standing on the side lines, watching the red-blooded buddies battling for relaxation.

Instead of this co-operation, there are promoters right today not only openly flouting the anti-boxing statutes but hindering its progress by their unsportsmanlike tactics and cordially inviting legalized banished boxers to come to their territory and (we hope unthinkingly) putting good money in the pockets of former licensed boxers who have been forever banished as detriments from the various states that have laws recognizing the sport.

A certain boxer who shall be unnamed, but whom readers in the south will readily recognize, failed three times to live up to his legal contracts, made promoters lose heavily by his shortcomings and run-outs, and as the result of his conduct drew upon himself a lifetime suspension by the Louisiana State Boxing Commission of which R. T. Burke, president of the N. B. A. is secretary.

Banished from his home state for all time with the suspension recognized in twenty odd states, this boxer goes on his way merrily laughing and figuratively snapping his fingers at the powers that rule. Why? Simply because he has just to step across the state line into Arkansas or Texas where he is received with open arms by the promoters who stage him, give him good money and get good money for themselves. And yet some folks wonder why some states do not permit professional boxing. Is it to wonder, when promoters of this stamp so far lower the sport? What does this boxer care for the legalized stuff when he knows—and the proof is there—that he can continue in the game he has besmirched in his home commonwealth?

In Texas, another promoter, himself an old-time scrapper of more than local renown, accepted a match for one of his stable in legalized ground, accepted transportation, yet failed at the eleventh hour to show up and then cooly sent a telegram saying he could not locate his boxer and that all attempts to unearth him had failed. There MIGHT be some people who would believe this, but these are in the vast minority. Yet the law cannot touch this manager or boxer. Why? Because his state is not recognized, is not in the list of those centers where boxing is legal and so this class of man goes on his way, with the merry ha! ha!

If there must be those who insist upon staging boxing bouts in outlaw territory, in the name of everything that is upright and honest in the game, let them play it as real he-men, not as those who prey on the unsuspecting public, take money under false pretenses and in their general behavior undo perhaps for all time, the efforts being made by genuine sportsmen to get unwise and moth-worn legislation repealed.

Nat Fleischer, editor of THE RING, hit the nail on the head in the last number of THE RING, when he said that it would be only a matter of time until every state would be in the legalized column. We in the south hope so, but with samples of promoters and managers such as have been mentioned above, the time is being delayed and will be further delayed until the sport is cleansed of all such.

Let those in Outlaw Land profit by the above. Let them clean house, sweep out the undesirable element, prove to the authorities that they are out for the better class of boxers and promoters and then, but not until then, can those who love the grand old game of fisticuffs hope for all of us to be classed as one big family.

## Shadows of the Past

(*Continued from page 29*)

other battle with Nelson, but it was a no-decision affair over the ten-round route at Milwaukee. It was apparent then that Wolgast was through. He began acting queerly and had to be sent to a sanitarium. Finally he was barred in several States and before long his fortune was dissipated and he was down and out.

He was rescued and put on his feet in a way, but what irony this was!

A VISIT TO NEW YORK'S
GREAT WHITE WAY IS NOT COMPLETE
WITHOUT A TRIP TO METAMORA
WHERE ALL NEW YORK MEETS

CLUB DINNER
$2
ALSO A LA CARTE
AT ALL HOURS
Dancing Till 2 A. M.
(No Cover Charge at Dinner)

NOW—NEW SPRING REVUE—NOW
METAMORA
110 West 39th Street, Near Broadway
"HANDS UP," A Big New Revue
PRESENTED BY JOE WARD
Big Chorus. "Hostesses"
TWICE NIGHTLY—7:30 P. M.—11:30 P. M.
Under the Personal Management of Wm. Barnes and Billy Cook

# Minute Rests Between Rounds

By EDDIE BORDEN

WITH the Willard-Firpo bout set for Jersey City on July 12, the fans are beginning to chatter over the result. Willard is gaining supporters every day, but he will have to show real good condition before his followers will wager on his chances.

Before Jess left for the West he said he could beat all the greenhorns like Johnson, McAulliffe and Firpo. He was more willing to sign for Firpo than the South American. Luis is getting hungry and held out for a big slice of the gate.

It should be a corking bout, for both men are extremely confident of winning. Firpo started out a hot favorite when the match was made, but he will hardly go into the ring better than seven to five, if he is favorite at all. Floyd Johnson attributes his defeat by Willard to a right uppercut in the second round. When they put up the card for the sixth round he turned to his manager, Charley Cook, and asked him if it wasn't the third round. His mind was a blank in the interim.

Al Reich, who was beaten at the Milk Fund Show by Tiny Herman, said the reason he lost was that the ring was built over the pitcher's box. Al is strictly a catcher and figured he would have done a lot better had the ring been built over the home plate.

Johnny Kilbane went into the ring a 1 to 2 shot over Crique and looked like it until he started to wilt from old age. Johnny did not have the sting with his punches, while Crique, although missing, had a snap in every one he let loose and it only took one to finish it when he landed cleanly.

There were about 15,000 on hand to see the featherweight title change hands and gate receipts amounting to $63,000. It was rumored around after the show the management lost $90,000. Tom O'Rourke, matchmaker, wanted a cheaper price, but owner Stoneman insisted on the ringsides being $27.50.

Pat O'Keefe, a New York sporting man, is sorry he met Tom Cowler on the other side of the pond on a recent trip to the old country. Pat brought Tom to New York on his return, the total expense being $1,500. Tom was matched with Bill Tate and was stopped in four rounds, getting $400 for his bit, and that was attached at the box office.

Chairman Muldoon, of the New York State Boxing Commission, says that Benny Leonard must go through with his match with Charlie White before meeting any one else around New York. Leonard agreed to meet White last October, but ran out a month before the show.

Willard and Firpo are the two biggest men ever matched to meet in an important heavyweight match. Willard will weigh around 250, while Firpo will tip the scales at 225.

Jim Corbett has gone clean mad over this heavyweight bout and says he will be at the ringside. Jim says Willard made a remarkable comeback against Johnson and if he works hard for Firpo will have a bet on him to win.

Clarence Gillispie, the veteran manager, lost $2,400 on Johnson against Willard. Clarence thought Willard too old to come back, but Ike Dorgan thought differently and took the Willard end.

Firpo is as "tight" as they come. He offered Jimmy De Forrest, his trainer, a "Michigan Bankroll" after the Willard fight and James hit him in the eye with it. Before starting to Havana on a tour Firpo wanted De Forrest to go along and told him it would be a wonderful vacation for him, but said nothing of salary.

Dame Rumor has been spreading the report that Dan Kaplan, manager of Sid Terris, the nineteen-year-old youngster, refused the sum of $10,000 cold cash for Sidney's contract. Any person who has seen this lad in action can scarcely blame Kaplan for not accepting. He looks like the next featherweight champion.

The two most talked of youngsters in New York are Carl Duane and Lew Hurley. Both are under 21 years of age, but have licked most of the top-notchers in six-round engagements. They met a short time ago and after a heart breaking scrap Duane was declared the winner. Hurley just returned from Chicago where he knocked out Harold Taylor in four rounds.

Moe Ginsberg, the crack East Side featherweight, who looks like a mighty promising battler, has left the stable of Al Weill, and in the future will conduct affairs under the direction of Lew Barnett and George Sieger. Ginsberg is a big favorite in Albany, and has always shown to advantage around these parts.

Ginsberg has fought Dutch Brandt, Eddie Anderson, Charley Kohler, Sid Terris, Joey and Marty Silvers, Harry Mulcahy and Joey Baker. He hopes to improve under the new regime.

Henny Catena, the flyweight champion of the National Guard, is still angling for a Genaro or Villa scrap. Henny hails from Greenwich Village, where he rules as the supreme being. He never fails to provide action, and is in demand at all the local clubs.

Lew Diamond will supplant Silvey Burns as the matchmaker of the Oakland A. A., of Jersey City, for the coming summer season. Silvey was in charge of affairs last year and made a big success of his venture. Diamond will have a mighty large undertaking on his hands, and he will have to travel at high speed to equal Silvey's record. Lew is handling the reins of Ex-Champion Johnny Buff, Jabez White, Ray Neuman and Johnny Drummie. The Oakland A. A. is an outdoor arena seating 6,000 persons.

Jack Stark, the Bronx featherweight, after a long absence from the ring, will return in time for several good shots in the outdoor clubs. Jack at one time held the State amateur featherweight championship.

Eddie Martin, more familiarly known as "Cannonball" Eddie Martin in Brooklyn, is a serious rival for bantamweight honors, and will give both Lew Hurley and Carl Duane a good tussle. Eddie is unfortunate in the respect that he comes from Brooklyn, and does not gain the publicity that his more fortunate foes from New York obtain. He made a big hit in the Garden when he defeated Sonny Smith in a six-round bout.

Joe Dillon, the old-time flyweight, who left the ring to be a jockey, made his re-entry in the squared circle, and it just happened that they selected the wrong opponent for him. Lew Perfetti, the classy little flyweight, who is improving in each start, punched Joe dizzy in their six-round tilt. Lew is only a kid, but is capable enough to give Genaro and Villa a sound argument.

Corporal Izzy Schwartz, the scrappy East Sider, who has been raising havoc with the flyweights in the vicinity, is out after bigger game, and would like nothing better than a shot at either Pancho Villa or Frankie Genaro. Schwartz was offered the privilege of working out with Villa for his fight with Jimmy Wilde, but refused on the grounds that it would belittle him in the eyes of the public. However, if the little Filipino cares to mingle with Schwartz in a genuine tussle, there are plenty of clubs that are more than willing to put on the match.

Lew Barnett, Schwartz's manager, has severed connections with his ex-partner Joe McKenna, and in the future will team up with George Sieger. Sieger knows the boxing game from A to Z and will be of great assistance to Barnett. In addition, George is a "regular fellow," and one of the squarest men in the game.

Jimmy Finley, the popular Louisville welterweight, made a decided hit with the New Orleans fans, by the manner in which he defeated their favorite, Dude Martinez. Finley is one of the busiest boxers in the racket, having engaged in twenty contests from the first of the year. His director, Eddie Keane, has him booked solid until the end of July.

Dave Rosenberg, the former middleweight champion of New York State, will resume boxing shortly and make his appearance at one of the Brooklyn clubs. His many friends are anxious to see him get started.

Al Felder, formerly boxing under the cognomen of Midget Griffo, is the smallest battler in the game to-day. Al is under the five feet mark, but is chock full of fight, and is successful in combatting the flyweights in the vicinity. He has fought Mickey Nelson, Henny Catena, Corporal Izzy Schwartz and has a knockout victory over Bernie Bedou, of France. He is handled by Eddie Clarke, an energetic young man, who is sure to rise to big heights.

Jimmy Marsh is still raving about the things that Nick Foley can do. Foley is the greatest fighter in the world, according to Jimmy's estimation. If he possessed a little bit more aggressiveness there is no telling what he would do.

Al Diamond, a little flyweight from the Bronx, is well entitled to the fore name of "Emergency Al." Diamond has fought at the rate of once a week, by keeping in condition, and profiting thereby. He has fought practically all the flyweights around town, and never fails to provide plenty of action.

Georgie Doherty, younger brother of Frankie Jerome, is emulating his brother's example and following his steps wherever he fights. Georgie is a tall, lanky youngster, but has developed a good left hand that gets him by. He will improve as soon as he takes on a little weight.

## BOXING IN EUROPE
### By LEON SEE

In Paris.—The great event of May in Paris was the contest between Georges Carpentier and Nilles for the heavyweight championship of France.

It was Carpentier's first return to the ring since his defeat by Siki and the public were impatient to see whether Georges was still the great Carpentier or if Siki's victory had been due to a decisive downfall of the late French idol.

The result was not satisfactory to either opinion. Carpentier won, decisively, by K. O. in 8 rounds, but he did not win in his former style. He seemed to lack confidence, his judgment of distances was poor. Nilles had often the better of the in and out fighting. During the first rounds it looked many times as if Carpentier would be beaten.

The K. O. punch came in the 8th round, a fine right hand uppercut to the chin, immediately following a beautiful "shift punch" to the body which would have made Fitzsimmons jealous.

After the contest, Carpentier once more complained of having broken both his hands, and he will not be able to box Beckett in London next month.

---

Before the Carpentier-Nilles contest, Journee, who is improving greatly, won a lightning victory over Eluere, knocking him out in 30 seconds, and Ledoux retained easily his title against Routis, a young challenger, who managed to stay the limit of 15 rounds.

The same day also, Porcher and Hobin met for the welterweight championship of Europe, Hobin also retaining his title.

---

Mascart, the new French wonder, added one more fine victory to his record by beating decisively Matthews in 16 rounds, again one round less than it took Criqui to settle the same opponent.

As soon as Criqui returns to France, Mascart will challenge him for the championship of the world, and it will be one of the most interesting contests ever witnessed in Paris.

---

Battling Siki continues to have his name mentioned in the papers. The other day he entered a night cafe with a young lion which he had brought in a taxi. The men hid behind the tables, the ladies fainted and Siki was once more arrested.

#### In England

On May 16 Beckett and old Dick Smith were boxing for the third time and for the British title. Smith, who is about 40 years old, outboxed and outclassed Beckett till the 17th round, when Beckett managed to land a right hook which put his opponent to sleep. Many considered it a very lucky punch and Smith was until then an easy, although slow winner. Beckett made a very poor showing.

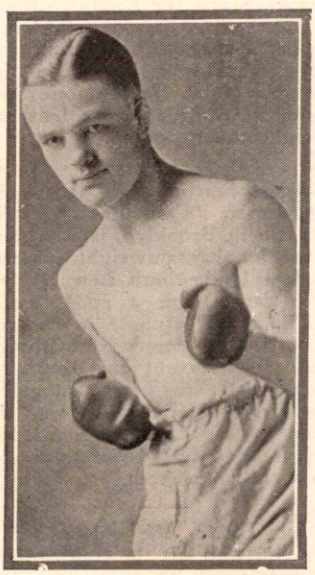
Two days later, at the Olympia, Seamon Hall lost his title to Harry Mason, who was declared the winner on a foul, after 13 rounds of a good battle. Hall was ahead on points when he hit his opponent for the second time on the kidneys and the referee, Jack Smith, unpitifully disqualified the champion.

---

The same day, Jack Bloomfield easily retained his cruser weight title against Dave Magill whose seconds threw the sponge at the 13th round of a poor contest during which the public booed many times, so slow were the men.

## PACIFIC NORTHWEST GOSSIP
### By JOE WATERMAN

Dode Bercott, who has been the sensation of the Northwest boxing game for the past eight months, ran into a tartar when he faced the veteran Jimmy Sacco. The Boston Italian was too smart, punched altogether too fast for the youngster and romped off with an easy 6-round decision. The bout took place in the Seattle Arena and drew a $4,900 house.



*Pete "Red" McDonald, a rugged featherweight from the West Side, is hurling challenges in all directions*

Joe Gorman and Bud Ridley are at it once more! These two met again, this time in a 10-round contest at Portland, before the biggest house of the season, and resulted in a draw, although Ridley floored the Portlander for the count of nine in the third round and gave him quite a lacing, but Gorman was given a draw for gameness, a decision that no one could begrudge the lion-hearted Portuguese.

---

Solly Seeman is still winning. The New Yorker's latest victim was that good boy, Johnny Jordan, of Tacoma, who outweighed the clever Hebrew about ten pounds. But Seeman won easily on points and was never in trouble.

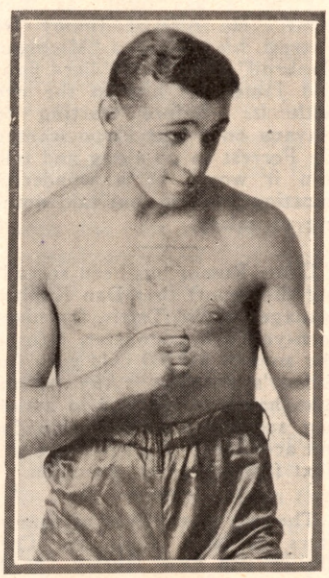
Nig Yeager, a heavyweight from Albina, Oregon, created a sensation recently when after being knocked down five times in the first and second rounds by Joe Martinson, of Portland, he brought a right hand up from his shoestrings in the third stanza and knocked his opponent cold for an hour. Of course, they have been rematched, Matchmaker Harry Hansen losing no time in signing them.

---

Sandpoint, Idaho, is not letting Shelby, Montana, get away with all the July 4th boxing publicity. The American Legion of that town has built an open-air arena and signed Danny Nunes of California to box Dud Ridley in the 12-round main event, with a diamond belt and the Pacific Coast featherweight championship going to the winner. Also a $5,000 purse!

---

Vic Foley, Canadian bantam champion, added another scalp to his collection when he gave Johnny McManus of California a lacing in 10 rounds at Vancouver. Foley is a classy boxer with a punch, a gentlemanly lit-



*K. O. Phil Kaplan, the latest sensation in the welterweight division. He is one of the most aggressive boxers in his division*

tle fellow, who is very popular in the Northwest.

---

The coming battle between Ted Krache and Dode Bercott, scheduled for the Seattle Arena this month, is expected to draw a bigger house than did Sam Langford and Frank Farmer in 1920. This drew over $8,000. The bitter rivalry existing between Krache and Bercott, who are loggers from rival towns, will help this bout exceed the $8,000 mark in receipts.

---

Ben Tracy, Australian globe trotter-boxer, broke into the win column when he defeated Joe Nestman in the best fight of the night at Victoria, B. C. Tracy is the modern Jack Grace for traveling. His next ring battle will probably take place in South Africa next month, he believes.

---

Frankie Grandetta, the Spokane flyweight sensation, got over his first big fight when he beat Abie Gordon at Portland. The "Little Sheik of Spokane" is now in for some real money.

## BUFFALO, N. Y., NOTES
### By HUGH SHANNON

We've got a great bantamweight here in Tommy Ryan, the former McKeesport lad, who is whipping all comers in the 118-pound division. Ryan is one of those rare birds who can fight as well as box and therefore is a splendid box-office attraction all over the country.

Tommy's latest fete was a referee's decision over Providence Terry Martin at Providence, and previous to this Ryan had won official verdicts over Irish Johnny Curtin and Harry London in the Rhode Island city. A match between Young Montreal and Ryan is now hanging fire. If present plans do not go amiss Ryan will box Joe Lynch in a no-decision bout at Youngstown, Ohio, some time this summer.

---

Frankie Schoell and Jack Oakes put on another great battle at the Queensberry A. C. last week. Schoell got the official decision but Oakes had him down once and gave Frankie a merry time of it. Schoell, in the writer's opinion, is America's best welterweight and Oakes showed plenty of real class in making Frankie battle his greatest fight to win. Being outpointed by a fighter of Schoell's caliber is no disgrace and Oakes will whip ninety per cent of those he meets.

Schoell had previously outpointed Bryan Downey, former claimant of the world's middleweight title, the week before he met Oakes, and Downey never ruffled Schoell's hair.

---

Jimmy Slattery, a local First Ward boy, is doing some nice work in the 150-pound class and winning steadily. He is a splendid card in this town and only a mere boy. He will, in all likelihood, develop into a light heavyweight or a heavyweight.

---

Tommy Phillips, local lightweight, won two victories in three days on May 30 and June 3. He defeated K. O. Mars at Wheeling, W. Va., on Decoration Day and whipped Georgie Pitcher, the Brooklyn lightweight, at Rochester, N. Y., three nights later. Phillips is after Jimmy Goodrich for the Buffalo junior lightweight title.

---

One fighter from out of town who made a big impression with Buffalo fans was Ted Joyce, the Canadian slugger, who gave Freddy Thompson a considerable mussing up at the Queensberry Club. Joyce is a terrific hitter and had Thompson down for a nine count in the final session.

---

Rocky Kansas is laying low

and not doing much ring work. The Buffalo lightweight star has plenty of the old jack laid away and will not box unless he gets his price, which is plenty. It is said Kansas may meet Tendler at Philadelphia this summer and perhaps clash again with Champion Benny Leonard in New York.

The Queensberry A. C. has been drawing big houses all season. Matchmaker Charlie Murray is putting on all star cards of six-round bouts and apparently the fans like these carnivals.

The Velodrome Club will operate in the open air all summer. The club has made arrangements to use the Buffalo Baseball Park for its shows.

## WITH THE KNUCKLE WHIRLERS IN NEW ORLEANS

**By JOHN COX**

Basile Galiano is Southern lightweight champion this June day. He won the title by decisively defeating Pal Moran, veteran New Orleans lightweight, in the majority of rounds of the 15-round contest at the La Audotorium.

Moran entered the ring a 2 to 1 shot to trim the Carrolton youth. Galiano proved the master of his Italian rival at every stage of the tedious journey.

Galiano showed more class in taking the measure of Moran than he has exhibited in any of his battles in this section.

He is 20 years of age. Has been boxing three years. Was discovered by Red Walsh, former maker of Pete Herman, who twice won the bantamweight title of the world.

Galiano has been one of the most consistent of the local battlers. He has won 15 decisions out of 17 battles over the 15-round route.

Walsh thinks the boy is now ready for a crack at the cream of the lightweights. He intends accepting an offer from Jack Hanlon to appear on one of the all-star cards in Philadelphia.

Walsh's boxer is of Italian parentage. Galiano comes from a large family as he has 21 brothers and sisters.

With the closing of the boxing game in Chicago, Eddie Coulon, New Orleans bantamweight and legitimate Southern bantam champion, has returned home for a short visit.

Coulon played havoc in the Windy City. He won newspaper decisions over Frankie Osner, Harold Smith and Eddie Anderson.

Anderson is a bantam contender as he had defeated Jack Sharkey and Midget Smith in New York.

Coulon floored Smith once and Osner twice in their battles.

Promoter Frankie Edwards is negotiating with Pal Moore and Joe Lynch for a Coulon bout here.

Johnny Shea, Cleveland middleweight, was stopped by Jimmy King in nine rounds of a 15-round contest here. Shea made a game battle until defeated by the knockout route.

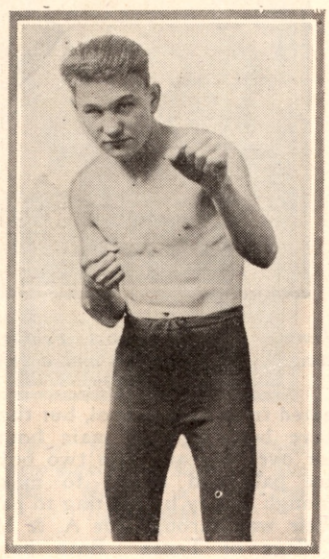
Jimmy Finley, the Louisville slugger who fought Phil Salvador in Madison Square Garden, was defeated on points by Dude Martinez here in ten rounds. Martinez's great rally earned the honors for Rodney Bridges' star.

Young Leonard, the New Orleans lightweight who flattened Bobby Barrett in 38 seconds of the first round of a 15-round contest here recently, is one of the best punchers developed here in several years.

Leonard's knockout over Barrett was one of the quickest ever recorded here.

Frankie Mason, former flyweight champion of America, will be Al Pettingill's opponent here in a 15-round contest during July. Pettingill boxed a ten-round draw with the Aguinaldo Kid here recently.

The Aguinaldo Kid is a Filipino. He hails from the same neighborhood as Pancho Villa. Johnny Fisse, former Southern bantamweight, is handling the "spic."



*Billy Ray, one of Bob Uricho's clever Cincinnati Bantams*

Kid Koster, Southern featherweight champion, is also under the management of Fisse, who intends to pack his trunk for New York way shortly. Koster recently won a decision over Joe Matranga in 15 rounds.

Charlie Rodriguez, local bantamweight, under the management of Dutz Moret, has sprained his left hand and will be laid up for several months.

Red Hill, another member of the Moret stable, will meet Frank Carbone or Young Stribling in a 15-round contest to be staged at the Young Men's Gymnastic Club in July.

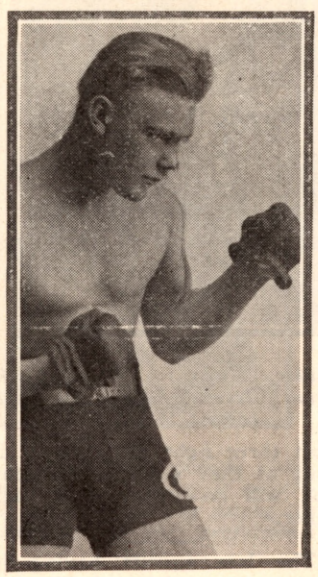
Managers of fighters who desire to get in touch with the matchmaker of the newest boxing club in New Orleans can do so by addressing communications as follows: Bill Coker, Matchmaker, Y. M. G. C., 224 North Rampart Street, New Orleans, La.

New Orleans now has three capable referees in Joe Martin, Al Wambsgans and Joe McClymon.

Martin is a former army captain and boxer. He has been identified in the game for many years and knows every angle of the game.

Wambsgans is a former welterweight boxer who has met Young Denny when Denny was in his prime. Al just returned from an extended visit to California.

Marty Burke, the elongated "stringbean," is another visitor to his home town. Burke is now under the management of Jimmy Dunn, the Cleveland impresario.



*Frank Craven, a rising young middleweight from Bayonne, who shows improved form in each start*

Luis Firpo was offered a Burke battle here by Promoter Dominick J. Tortorich, the leading promoter of the South for several years. Firpo turned down the Burke engagement.

Louis Martin, Southern amateur flyweight champion, who succeeded Al Pettingill upon Pettingill's retirement from the amateurs, will turn professional in July.

Martin has waded through the amateur ranks without a defeat. He is expected to be a riot in the professional ranks. Martin competed in the recent A. A. U. stag at Boston, Mass.

Charles Oury and Al Coogan, the other two members of the La State Boxing Commission, contemplate being ringsiders at the Dempsey battle

Butsy Hernandez, local owner of a large stable of horses and one of the most prominent sportsmen in the South, has also purchased a ringside seat for the big heavyweight mill to be fought July 4. Butsy picks Dempsey to stop Tommy.

## HEARD IN LOUISVILLE

The Broadway Athletic Club, Inc., Louisville, Ky., announces the opening of the Broadway Open-Air Arena on June 25.

This year's opening will mark the third season that boxing has held forth in this popular bowl, with no change in officers. Edward H. Heverin against acts as president and matchmaker and Tommy Devlin, the ex-Philadelphia lightweight, acts as the club's referee.

The promoters of the Broadway Arena are the men that introduced open-air boxing to Louisville fans. The fact that each season in the past has shown an increase in attendance speaks for itself that open-air boxing is a success here and promises to remain so for a long while to come.

One of the drawbacks to boxing here during the early revival of the boxing game was the lack of good local talent, but this situation has been overcome by the development of such boys as Jimmy Finley, welterweight; Jackie Dugan, bantamweight; Bobbie Gibbons and Joe Pegeleni, featherweights; Soldier Buck and Bill Gregory, lightweights. These boys are coming along at such a rapid clip that the majority of them are capable of holding their own against the best in the country. With such a capable array of boxing talent Louisville fans are not in want of action.

The summer shows will see many an out-of-town boxer bite the dust when they are brought here to do battle with the Louisville boys, who are the pride of our local fans.

## BOXING BITS FROM SOUTHWEST AND MEXICO

**By DON "CEE"**

Mexico City fight fanatics are off the ham and egg fighters at last. The Mexico metropolis now has a commission to supervise all boxing there, which is not a bad idea, as the patrons of the glove sport have been fed up on bad fights. Hereafter any fighter seking bouts will have to show clippings and positive proof that he is what he claims and he will also be required to box a four-round exhibition before the commission in private to convince the members he is in fit condition and will make a good

match for the opponent picked for him.

---

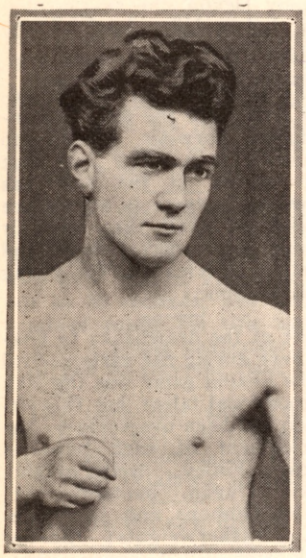
M. A. Lieberman, formerly of San Antonio, Texas, and now a promoting partner of B. Romero of Mexico City, who has a long lease on the big bull ring of Mexico City, is largely responsible for the prevailing good condition of the fight game there. He knows boxing from A to Z and has given freely of his advice in order to get the game in good standing in Mexico.

---

Boxing is being well supported by the Latin Americans. They are turning to it with wide open arms and pocketbooks and the bloody bull fights are fast being forgotten!

---

Don Curley, Southwestern representative of the big promoters of Mexico City, has just returned from there with his



*Dave McGill, veteran Australian Middleweight, who is still going strong*

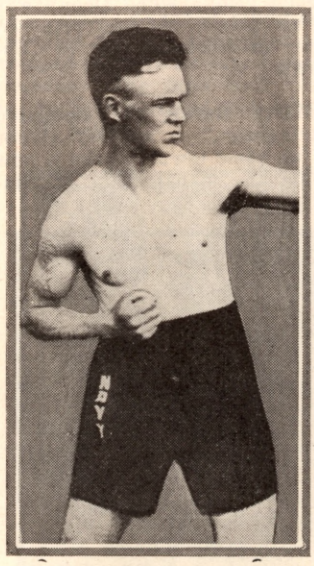
heavyweight, Jack Voigt, who fought the last scheduled finish fight in that country with Sam Langford in the early part of May. He reports that the game is booming all over the republic and it is only a matter of time when the game there will be on an equal footing with the sport in the United States and other countries where the manly art is supervised by competent boxing commissions.

---

The month of June finds Mexico City booked solid with heavyweight attractions, and Luis Firpo, the Argentine drug clerk; Jim Tracy, the Australian; Pueblo Jim Flynn; "Tham" Langford, Boston Tar Baby; Fort Worth (Texas) "Sully Montgomery," and a bird by the name of Huberd were to exchange fistic courtesies. The Mexican fight commish squawked loud and long when a Firpo-Hubbard match was proposed. It was thought a Langford-Firpo fracas was much more attractive. If such a match takes place, poor old Sam is off the pie card in Mexico and will sure lose his hard earned (?) championship of that country, but he should worry; he can go to the Philippine Islands and win the heavyweight championship, or else claim it, as they have no heavyweights there.

---

San Antonio is the only real open boxing city in Texas and the game is booming there. Jack Shelton, who has had the promoting field in the Alamo City all to himself during the past two years, is showing to packed houses on Tuesday night of every week and has been showing the fans some real attractions of late. However, Shelton will soon have competition in his chosen field, as the Elks Club intends to enter and have at least one show per month. It also is expected that the American Legion will have an open-air arena pitched in one of the army camps near by San Antonio. San Antonio will support three fight clubs nicely as long as they work in harmony and will co-operate with each other.



*Sailor Mayo, a Middleweight from Cleveland, who is rapidly coming to the fore*

---

The law against boxing in Texas seems unfair and will more than likely be repealed during the next convening of the State Legislature, which will give a state full of clean sport loving people the game they favor most.

---

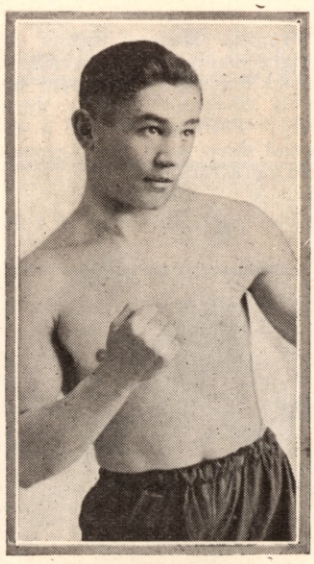
"Curley Laughlin," middleweight boxer of San Antonio, Texas, suffered a severe accident in Fort Worth, Texas. He will be unable to fight for at least two or three months yet. He was changing trains at Fort Worth, Texas, for Enid, Oklahoma, where he was to have fought Billy Conley on June 5, when a fast-driven taxicab struck him and knocked him unconscious, tore the ligaments loose in his right leg and otherwise bruised and cut him up. It was feared for a while that his skull was fractured.

---

It is being whispered about San Antonio, Texas, that a certain wealthy stock raiser of central Texas, whose name is withheld, will soon make a trip to Mexico City to look over the boxing situation there, with the intentions of building a large open-air arena for the purpose of promoting large fistic attractions. Also that Jack Shelton, now one of the San Antonio promoters, will be a partner in the enterprise. It is claimed by those who have been on the ground that Mexico City will not support two large clubs and there is one already in operation at the big bull ring with a seating capacity of 30,000.

---

There are two young coming boxers in San Antonio, Texas, who are destined to go a long way in the game, as they are both game, can hit and are able to take punishment. They are Jack Willis and Brookie Stephens. Both are only eighteen years of age and have just graduated from high school, but they have been fighting main bouts for over a year. The two boys are pals and intend to make enough money by fighting to pay their way through the A. & M. College of Texas. Both boys were started in the boxing game by Louis De Pingre, formerly of Fort Worth, Texas, and Brooke Stephens is still under his direction, while Willis is managed by Don Curley.



*Jimmy Kramer, Coast Featherweight, who is clever and a two-fisted battler*

---

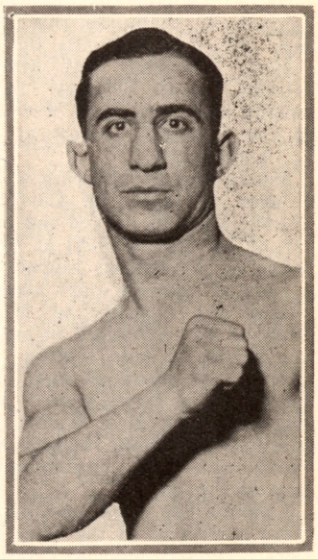
Boxing shows are promoted regularly in El Paso, Texas, and across the international border in Juarez, Mexico, by Jim Irwin of the International Club at El Paso and S. Gonzales of the Central Cafe in Juarez. Fights are also held at Fort Bliss, Texas, just outside of El Paso, on the army reservation, by Carl J. Studer of El Paso. The game is also reported good in Phoenix, Arizona, where the shows are put on by George Wilson for the American Legion. The game is picking up all over New Mexico and along the border towns off Texas and Old Mexico.

## BOUTS IN WASHINGTON

"The best bout ever staged in Washington," was what the Washington and Baltimore newspapers voted the recent ten-round bout between Jack "Bull" Perry, champion of the Atlantic Fleet, and Al Ward, champion of the Third Army Corps. The fight went a terrific pace for nine rounds with Ward doing most of the catching.

The soldier took repeated trips to the canvas, but gamely staggered into the fray until the ninth round, when Perry stretched him for the full count. Ward has been bowling 'em all over about Washington and was rated very high. Perry came down from the U. S. S. North Dakota at Boston to trim the Army lad.

Perry is a brother of Joe Perry, the stellar welter. The sailor champion also holds the Central and South American title acquired by defeating Pedro Godin at Panama recently. Before entering the service he defeated Joe Stefanik and Honey Boy Evans, both of whom defeated Mickey Walker.



*Johnny Green, Chicago's Lightweight who is on the heels of Sailor Friedman*

The Washington bouts are held every other Thursday at Sportland Heights Open Air Arena, Berwyn, Md., under the management of Lieutenant Heinie Miller, editor of The Navy.

---

## SOUTHERN FISTIC GOSSIP

**By MAL McGILVERY, Shreveport, La.**

George Shade, of the Leo Flynn stable of mitt artists, was made to look like something the cat left on the door mat by Harry (Hairpin) Happy Howard, another New Yorker, at Shreveport, La., May 21, in a scheduled 15-round bout.

Less than two rounds proved that Shade was as putty in the nimble artistic hands of Howard. Twice in the opener the ex-Californian took the count. The otherwise welcome interval failed to refresh George and he tried

to stem the onrushing tide, but to no avail. Crossing him with deadly rights and shooting his left straight to its objective, Shade's jaw, Howard found the button with a precision that was almost eerie and Shade slept through the count of ten before the arrival of the second minute.

Shade's showing was miserable in the extreme, he failing at any stage of the short lived bout to live up to the oodles of press agent work sent in advance. It was Shade's first showing in the South—and in all likelihood, his last.

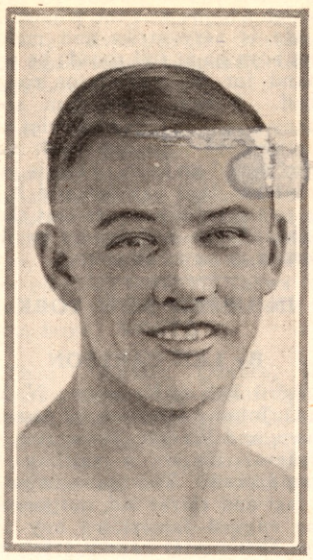
Howard, who proved in his previous bout in Shreveport against hard-hitting Harry Foley that he was the possessor of a wicked punch, is determined, now that he has all the qualifications for an honest-to-goodness top ranker, and it would not surprise this scribe if the popular Hairpin gets in the calcium glare before much water passes under the bridge.

Happy claims to be the tallest middleweight in captivity, or out of it.

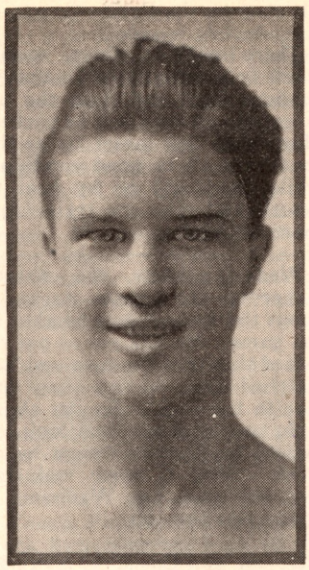
The day of the finish contest in Mexico is over, according to information to hand from the authorities, the battle between Jack Voight, of San Antonio, Texas, and Sam Langford, Boston Tar Baby being the last no-limit bout to be permitted. Although Langford won by a kayo in the fifth with a solar plexus, the colored veteran was sorely perplexed in the first three stanzas, Voight slamming the Bostonian around and making him like it. The battle was staged in the bull ring at Mexico City and attracted a huge gathering of fanatics who have taken to the mitt game which seems on the fairway to make gigantic strides in the Land of the Cactus.

According to the official dope from across the Rio Grande, the promoters, M. A. Lieberman and B. Romero, 15-round bouts will be staged weekly, little fellows and big fellows in the feature events alternating each week. There is not a chance for has-beens or questionable characters to get a look-in down there, as a rule has been passed and is now in force compelling every unknown boxer to show his stuff in an honest-to-goodness bout against an opponent selected by the commission which is composed of federal officers. American boxers must show a clean bill of health from the States and satisfy beyond any shadow of doubt that they are fair, square and above board. The Mexicans have been stung so often that hereafter the talent will have to show the goods—or else!

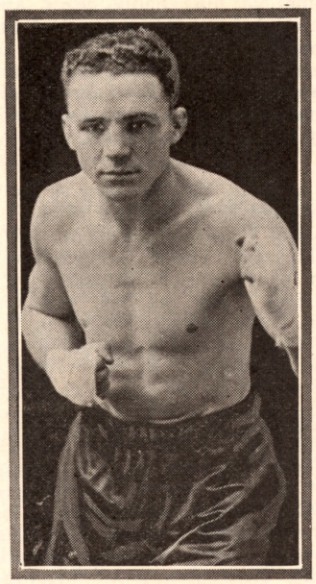
George Kuhn, Shreveport, La., middleweight of promise who had battled some of the best visiting 158 pounders in the Southland, is through for all time having been notified of his lifetime suspension for a series of



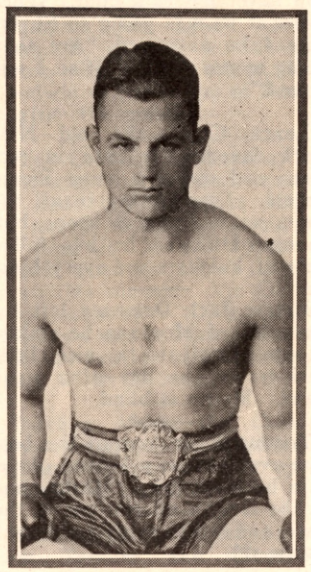
*Honey Boy Finnigan, of the U. S. Navy, the boy with the big smile*



*Harry Mulcahy, who lives in Jamaica, L. I., and is holding his own with the local featherweights*



*Alex Hart, formerly of Cleveland, but now making his home in Philadelphia. He is a first-class lightweight*



*Al Carpenter, heavyweight champion of the U. S. Navy, is successfully working his way among the topnotchers in the professional ranks*

run-outs in legalized territory. Despite the fact that he had been cautioned twice for unsportsmanlike actions, Kuhn took the bit in his own teeth and apparently figuring that he was bigger than organized boxing, played rough shod with promoters. This is now a thing of the past and after he has doubtless played the same game in the outlaw ground where he intends displaying his goods, even outlawers will also warn him off.

April will be long remembered in Pelican state boxing circles as one providing two of the biggest surprises on record. Bobby Barrett, the Philadelphian, made the tedious trip from the Unconscious City to New Orleans to meet Young Leonard, Crescent City youth with a fairly good record, and not only did Leonard win, but he accomplished his end in FORTY-SIX SECONDS. Some record!

The second surprise was the crushing defeat suffered by Harry Foley, Hot Springs light-heavyweight at the hands of "Hairpin" Happy Harry Howard, New York City, over the 15-round route at Shreveport, La., April 11.

By a ruling handed down by the Louisiana State Boxing Commission, of which Dick Burke (president of the National B. A.) is secretary, the back hand blow is now recognized as permissible. It has been contended by authorities on the hit-and-miss pastime that in the event that a boxer misses a blow to the jaw, he could not bring the glove back and hit.

Jeff Smith, the kingpin of Al Lippe's stable of leather-pushers, will make the jump from Atlanta to Shreveport in July after the Elks' convention in the former city where Jeff tackles Harry Greb over the championship route. Smith looks to be one of the boxers who has run out of logical opposition.

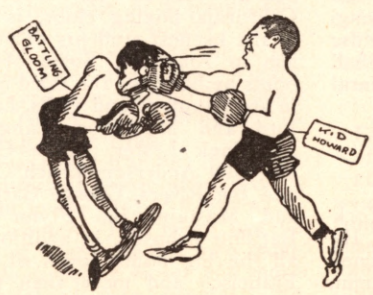
The all-star cards of four ten-round bouts between local and semi-local boxers of New Orleans have practically fizzled out and ere long fans will again welcome after too long an interval the 15 and 20-round goes. New Orleans fell inside of two years from a $10,000 town to one of practically $2,000.

Chuck Wiggons, the elongated Indianapolis light-heavy, surely got his May 2 at New Orleans when Tommy Gibbons, St. Paul, battered his challenger around the ring from start to finish. Gibbons looked to be in fine physical condition and showed for the first time his shift which he had been perfecting for some time in view of his engagement with Dempsey. Feinting with his right and swerving with his left to the jaw, Gibbons nonplussed Wiggons. Wonder how this style will work against the champion?

### COLORADO GOSSIP
**By SAM BUXBAUM**

Kid Chris, a lightweight boxer of Trinidad, Colo., is a promising looking boy. Although Chris can do 130 easily, he boxes them up to 135 pounds.


**When in Chicago**




Out-of-town boxers are invited to train at Kid Howard's Famous Arcade Gymnasium.

32 South Clark St. Phone Dearborn 6280

Johnny "Kid" Mex will again get in harness and meet any lightweight the promoters select for him. Johnny has boxed the best a year or two back, but decided to take a rest, which he needed badly. He is also planning on taking a trip east this fall.

Bud Hamilton, the writer's promising boxer who has been knocking them for a row of brick houses, is about running out of opponents around these parts. Out of six starts from March until May he won five in the opening round and one in the second frame.

Joe Mandell alone lasted into the second frame. Hamilton will make a hit in the eastern rings when he and his manager get started, as he is a boy that is going all the time. He never holds an opponent and is fast and clever and carries a wallop in both mitts. They will start from here about September and will make Chicago the headquarters.

Harvey Perkins, of Casper, Wyo., may some day make a serious contender for heavyweight honors. He is improving rapidly. His friends are enthusiastic over his ring work recently.

Young Abe Attell, who back a few years looked like a champion in the making but retired from the ring to engage in other business, has again become associated with the boxing game, this time in the form of a gym proprietor. He bought out the Buxbaum Gym in Denver, where he is teaching the manly art of self-defense to the ones who wish to learn.

Jay J. Thomas, Kansas City fight manager and manager of a good stable of boxers, will get his boys quite a bit of work around this mountain district. Jay made a hit with the people of Casper when he was there with Hughey Walker.

Frank Herrera, Trinidad welterweight, is going great guns in the South. Frank is a pleasing boxer, always giving the public the best there is in him, which is good.

Gus West, matchmaker for the Elks Club at Casper, Wyo., has about the best stable of colored boxers there is in the country. He has boys in nearly all weights, including Charley Long, 145 pounds; Kid Bell, 135 pounds; Scotty Williams and Speedball Heyden, 158 pounds, and several others not so well known.

## CALIFORNIA NOTES
### By GEORGE HUSSEY

Johnny Reisler, the New York boy, is here and doing well. He has had six bouts, all main ones and lost one to Joe Benjamin, which is no discredit, as Joe is a wonder at the four-round game. Reisler won from Jimmy Dundee, at Oakland, and Dundee is considered the champion in his class on the Pacific Coast.

There will be three special trains from here to the Dempsey-Gibbons fight and from the interest shown they will be packed. Many fans will motor up as the roads are all in good condition, while many will go by boat to Seattle and take the train from there to Shelby.

Wad Wadhams, the matchmaker for the Vernon Arena, is about the busiest matchmaker in the game. He has yet to put on a card that gets the razz and has matched more boxers than any man in the game. He has about eight nearby towns that look for him to supply the boxers every week. That is some task for any one man, but Wadhams is always on the job.

Dewitt Van Court, the man who brought out Jim Jeffries and many others, is still telling the youngsters to box. Van is about the oldest in the grand old game and never misses a bout. When asked if he was going to Shelby July 4 he answered, "Are they going to run trains? If so, I will attend."

Leach Cross, the old New York favorite, is here in pictures and sports a mean Pierce Arrow. Leach takes in all the bouts as he says it keeps him young. Oh, yes, he has fallen for golf, knickers and everything.

Before Jack Dempsey left for the wilds of Montana he staked Monte Attell to a nice little business in the line of a cigar stand. Monte is blind.

Tommy Ryan, one of the best that ever put on a boxing glove, is in business here. He has one of the largest oil stations in the state, and is also raising chickens on the side.

Jack Root is still clipping coupons and is laughing at the wolf that bites the door knobs. Jack has the largest picture house in Pasadena, Calif.

Frank Crowley, the American Legion Club matchmaker at Hollywood, is a busy man these days. He packs them in at every show and is a great favorite among the boxers.

George Blake, boxing instructor Los Angeles Athletic Club, also official referee for Southern California boxing clubs, is one of the keenest students of pugilism in America. Some of the bouts he has been the third party in are Langford and Wills, Langford and McMahon, Langford and Jack Lester, Leach Cross and Bud Anderson. Leach Cross and Joe Rivers, George Gardner and Mustain, Jim Flynn and Battling Johnson, in addition to all the big bouts south of San Francisco and more than two-thousand four-round bouts.

He was boxing instructor of the United States Army during the war and refereed many bouts in France and Belgium, one of which Chique was the winner.

He is very strict and makes the boys go at full speed; he will stand for no stalling or rough stuff. I have seen him stop many bouts and read the riot act to the boys with the result that they would go to it. That is just what the fans pay for and it is up to the referee to see that they fight. Blake is a credit to the boxing game at all times.

## IN UPPER NEW YORK STATE
### By LEN CARLSON

April 30th at Rochester, N. Y., K. O. Johnny Michaels, of Jamestown, and Freddie Thompson, of Geneva, fought a rattling 8-round draw. Thompson, who is a fast and clever lad, outpointed the rugged Jamestown boy for the first three rounds. In his fourth round the Chautauqua county lad caught his opponent with a left hook dropping Bert Finch's protege for the full count. Thompson got up at the count of nine badly dazed and through his holding finished the round. Thereafter it was all Johnny, but through his failure to follow up his advantages enabled Thompson to finish the scheduled eight rounds.

At Erie, Pa., on May 4, Jack Pry and K. O. Johnny Michaels, two of Tommy Moore's proteges, who took Freddie Dailey's bouts on short notice, returned victorious. Pry, at 144, knocked out Dude Murphy, 147½, in the second round of a scheduled six-round fight. K. O. Johnny Michaels, at 121½, won the popular verdict over Louis D'Arco, of Cleveland, 126½, in the eight-round semi-final.

Chief Halftown, starting in his first fight in nearly three months, fought eight slashing rounds with Dick Evans, of Youngstown, in the latter city on Friday, May 11. The Chief plainly showed that he has been absent from the ring for some time by his poor judgment at long range, but showed up well when he got in close to the Yougstown boxer's tummy.

Jack Pry, of Salamanca, 144½, outpointed Vic Craig, 144½, of Cleveland, in the eight-round semi-final at the Erie Arena on May 18. The bout was full of action and interesting from the first to the last bell.

Pry won because of his continual jabbing, which found a resting place on Craig's nose. The Cleveland boy was willing at all times and landed many stinging blows. Cliff Becker, stablemate of Pry, was knocked out in the first round of a scheduled six-round match by Young Hybert, of Ashtabula. Becker knocked his man with the first blow and although he had him in distress from solid smashes to the jaw, he himself was rocked cold by a right hand smash to the jaw after two minutes of fighting in the first round.

AN IDEAL
Training Camp
*Supervised by the World's Famous Jimmy Deforest*
Manager of Joe Skinner, 160 Lbs.
• • •
Train in the Country
Among the Pines
Regular Training Table
Reservations Limited
• • •
Apply to
Prof. JIMMY DEFOREST
Allenhurst, N. J.
Telephone: Allenhurst 2276

Telephone Jerome 8105
JOHN ZOLLER
Official Decorator
Madison Square Garden
*Artistic Decorations Supplied for All Occasions*
1239 WEBSTER AVENUE
(The Bronx)
NEW YORK, N. Y.

When You Are in New York
Pay Us a Visit
Russian and Turkish
BATHS
FORSYTHE BUILDING
79-81 Forsythe Street
New York City
Telephone Orchard 3290
Sleeping Accommodations for 600
Plunge in Steam Room and 50-Foot Swimming Pool.
Continuous Fresh Water System

EUGENE COATES
High Class
Signs and Show Cards
Portable Booths to Hire for Bazaars, Fairs, Lawn Fetes, Block Parties and Refreshment Stands for Balls.
No Screws—No Nails.
260 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Tel. 9636-R Main
Also
40 Putnam Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y
Tel. 7948 Prospect
Established 1878

## BOXING NEWS FROM QUEBEC

**By Maxie Lewis**

The scheduled ten-round bout between "Tiger" Smith of Hamilton, Ont., and Felix King of Bernlin, N. H., which was to have taken place at the Imperial Theatre on May 28, was indefinitely postponed when it was found that Smith had developed a touch of appendicitis and had to be sent home in the care of a doctor.

Lee Anderson, colored heavyweight, is working out daily with Felix King. Lee meets Wolf Larsen, the Brooklyn heavyweight, here shortly.

Ralph McNaughton, the crack local flyweight and chief claimant to the Canadian title, is working hard for his coming set-to with Kid Durand of Montreal. Durand has finally consented to a return match after previously backing out of a contract he had signed. The Quebec commission suspended him for six months; the Montreal commission followed suit. Durand's suspension

*Jimmy Sheldon, a Welterweight who hails from the Windy City and has considerable promise ahead of him*

will be automatically lifted as soon as he fulfills his contract to box McNaughton for the Quebec Sporting Club.

Felix King, as the records go, will be credited with scoring a technical knockout over Bert Schrieder of Montreal. But the fact remains that the referee and newspapermen say they saw King deliver a foul blow which ended the fight in the sixth round. Referee Alfie Lynch awarded the fight to Bert Schrieder when the latter sank to the canvas, his features distorted in pain. But the Boxing Commission of the Ancient Capital overruled the referee's decision. Only a return bout will decide whether King's punch is too much for Schrieder.

In the semi-final "Kid" Mitchell heralded his comeback to the ring by scoring a one-round K. O. over Young Durnias of Sherbrooke. Evidently the Irishman has again found his punch. Good boy, Louis!

Joe Montminy, matchmaker for the Quebec, S. C., has branched out in the promoting end of the game. Joe has formed a partnership with Paul Parent of the Le Soleil (some combination, we'll say). Joe and Paul are planning some big shows for the near future. Here's luck to you, boys.

"Kid" Gagnon, Quebec, 128 pounds, claims the junior lightweight championship of Canada and is willing to meet any one who disputes his claim. Jake Sherman and Geo. Girardin preferred.

## PHILADELPHIA NOTES

**By Ross E. Kauffman**
(North American)

With Taylor and Gunnis staging open-air bouts at the Phillies' Park and Max "Boo Boo" Hoff having the Shetzline Park in South Philadelphia, Quaker City boxing fans are assured of plenty of boxing this summer. Champions and near champs in profusion are being rounded up by the promoters.

Al Monahan, a likely looking featherweight of North Philadelphia, is stepping along nicely under the wing of Daniel D. Duffy. He has been boxing for one year and has a total of thirty-eight amateur contests and fourteen in the professional ring.

Herbie Schafer, a bantam from the mid-west, has invaded Philadelphia and is issuing a sweeping defi to all the boys in his class. Schafer is now on the trail of Bobby Wolgast, the Philadelphia bantam, who earned the eight-round decision over Pancho Villa at the Phillies Park in May.

Buck Lincoln, a former fighter, has started the Elmwood A. C., an open-air club, in Southwest Philadelphia and intends to run shows weekly during the summer.

Two of Philadelphia's most prominent outdoor promoters have offered Eugene Criqui, conqueror of Johnny Kilbane, $15,000 to meet Danny Kramer here this summer.

Roche Rodgers is out with a challenge to Pedro Campo. They met several months ago in a rattling fast bout. Rodgers is now residing in South Philadelphia.

Eddie Dempsey, who recently defeated Johnny Donnelly at the Elmwood Club, has broken away from Jack Bulger and has placed himself under the management of Al Nash, a former boxer, who is now conducting a gymnasium here. Bulger was kept too busy with his champion, Mickey Walker, to see much of Dempsey.

Joe Jacobs, manager of Mike McTigue, conqueror of Battling Siki, is a frequent Philadelphia visitor and has aligned himself with Max Hoff at Shetzline Park. He will help him obtain talent.

Basil Galiano, the new lightweight champion of the South, has invaded the Quaker City and will be seen in several open-air bouts. He made his Northern debut against Johnny Clinton here June 25. Galiano gained the decision over Pal Moran recently in New Orleans.

That veteran middleweight Eddie Revoire is going better than ever. Manager Herman Hindin is anxious to put Revoire in the same ring with Champion Johnny Wilson.

Young Fitzsimmons, the New York flyweight, has been on the lookout for trouble in his class in Philadelphia rings. He is after Kid Wolfe or any of the other topnotchers.

Joe O'Donnell, who has met Champion Joe Lynch several times, is in line for another match with the titleholder. Tom Goodwin of the Arena of Boston is after the match.

Dick Conlon, the Altoona, Pa., lightweight, is in great demand. He had eighteen offers during the month of May but could not fill them all. He will appear in several open-air shows in Aatoona this summer. Vic Conlon, who looks after Dick Conlon, also has a star in Mickey Burket, who has run his knockout string up to 20 in 23 starts.

Battling Mack, the Camden bantamweight, is in strict training and expects to hook up in several big bouts.

Philadelphians expect to see Lew Tendler and Champion Benny Leonard get together late in the summer, but not in this city. It looks like a New York bout.

## MONTREAL NOTES

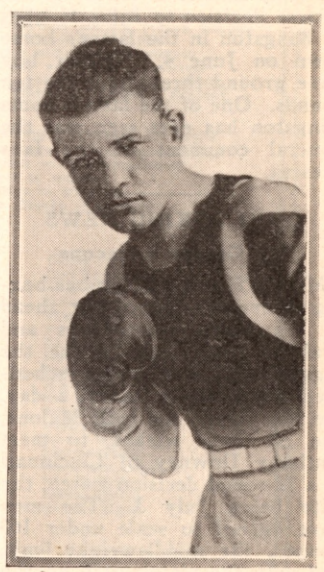
**By Maxie Lewis**

Solly Green, local lightweight, bit off more than he could chew when he consented to meet Benny Valger of New York in a twelve-round match. This bout was the feature of Tommy Conway's boxing show at the Arena on May 24. Green handed over a hundred dollar forfeit when he came in a pound and a quarter over weight, which Valger, sportsman that he is, returned after the fight. Valger displayed a wonderful left hand that Green found difficulty in getting away from.

It was that member that piled up sufficient points which left no doubt in the judges' minds as to the winner. This much can be said of Green: he put up a game battle against a clever and more experienced ring general. He was in there all the time trying to land a telling blow that would turn the tide of battle in his favor. Green weighed 139 pounds and Valgar 129. It's a cinch they don't pick them any too soft for Green. In his last four starts he has met Jimmy Fruzetti, Sailor Byron, Archie Walker and Benny Valger.

Jimmy Britt, claimant to the flyweight championship of Canada on the strength of having defeated Aleck Burlie of Toronto and Kid Durand of Montreal, was K. O.'d in two rounds by Ralph "Young" McNaughton of Quebec. A left to the body sent Britt to the canvas for a nine-second count; a few seconds later a right to the jaw put him down and out. Britt weighed 114 pounds and McNaughton 113 pounds.

Chris Newton, the square-chinned Toronto lightweight, scored a technical knockout over Horace Robert when Referee Benny Chen intervened in the seventh round to save Robert from further punishment. In the previous round the bell saved Robert from a possible knockout while he was taking the count. Newton weighed 136



*Jimmy LaRose, a clever fighter who hails from Canada where he is one of the idols of the ring*

pounds, Robert 139 pounds. George Rivet, at one time a good welterweight boxer himself, refereed the semi and main goes.

It is almost a certainty that Eugene Criqui of France, newly crowned featherweight champion of the world, will tour Canada, giving exhibition bouts, opening in Montreal. The tour will probably be under the direction of Alec Moore, Montreal boxing promoter.

Friday, June 1, 1923.—Olympic A. C., St. Denis Theatre, Montreal.—Bert Schrieder, welterweight champion of Canada, won from "Mixer" Mitchell of Syracuse in twelve rounds of hard fighting. With a win over the tough "Mixer" under his belt, Bert is now ready for better company and should be able to give any of the top-notchers a real battle. Bert is a fighter that al-

ways gives the best that's in him and never fails to give a satisfactory performance.

In the ten-round semi-final Curley Wilshur of Toronto earned the right to a return bout with Kid Roy, the king of Canadian featherweights, by handily defeating Georges Girardin of Montreal. Wilshur is a slow starter and for the first three rounds seemed to be getting the worst of it and many of the fans thought this was going to be a repetition of the Roy-Wilshur fight, but they were doomed to disappointment, for from then on Curley not only outboxed Girardin but outfought him as well. We would like to see Wilshur face Roy again. Will it be a good fight? Ask Darkey Daniels.

The two foremost claimants of the Canadian flyweight title boxed ten fast rounds to a draw, Ralph McNaughton of Quebec, 113, and Aleck Burlie of Toronto, 110. A return bout may settle their differences.

Benny Littner of Montreal lost a close decision to Billie Hughes of Kingston in the latter's home town on June 4. Neither boy gave ground throughout the ten rounds. One of the fastest bouts Kingston has ever seen was the general comment of the fans present.

## OHIO BOXING NEWS

**By George Levecque**

Mike O'Rourke, Columbus boxing promoter, stepped out ahead of his many competitors and grabbed what looks to be the biggest and best match scheduled for Ohio in many a day. He has signed up Jock Malone, the St. Paul wizard, to meet Anthony Downey of Cincinnati in a 12-round decision match, the date being July 3. The men have agreed to scale under 160 pounds, the middleweight limit, and with the victory will go the title of "middleweight champion of the world," according to arguments set forth by sporting writers and others in this section.

The big match will take place at Columbus, O., on the night of July 3, and may the best man win.

One of the best matches ever held in Columbus, O., took place May 21, Al Zill of Niles, O., winning over Bud Christiano in 12 rounds. It was a slashing battle in which both boxers worked hard and the crowd left the arena pleased that it had seen a contest full of genuine excitement. The boys are lightweights and there was never a moment when they held back or stalled. The weight was 135 and both were well under the limit. K. O. Mars of Cincinnati, who whipped both Zill and Christiano in local rings, may get another shot at Zill.

Anthony Downey's record was further enhanced when on May 28 he took the popular decision over Young Fisher of Syracuse in 12 hard fought rounds and then repeated the following week by winning the referee's decision over Jack Perry in 12 rounds. Downey whipped Fisher at the Riverside Arena, Covington, Ky., and his win over Jack Perry was at the Fairmont Arena, Columbus, O., June 4.

Speedy Sparks, the Cincinnati southpaw middleweight, took the verdict over Cal Stevens at Chiviot, O., June 4, in a ten-round no decision match. Sparks was too strong for Stevens and his style puzzled the youngster. The contest was a good one and Cincinnati promoters are now angling for a Sparks-Malone match.

A peculiar situation exists in a proposed match at Cincinnati between Billy Ryan and Speedy Sparks. Ryan was suspended by the Nebraska commission at Omaha last April, where Ryan fouled Morrie Schlaifer. He was set down for six months. The Nebraska commission declares it will not lift the ban for Ryan until the full six months have elapsed. The Cincinnati commission, a member of the Ohio State Commission, which is affiliated with the National Commission, of which Nebraska is also a member, is inclined to sanction the Ryan-Sparks match and has issued a permit for the boxers to meet at Cincinnati July 2. The point is this: What will result if the suspension is not lifted and the Cincinnati commission permits the men to box?

K. O. Mars, Cincinnati junior lightweight, won easily from Tommy Phillips at Wheeling, W. Va., May 30. The contest went the full ten rounds and according to the Wheeling papers the Cincinnati boxer had a decided lead all through the match. Mars may soon be matched to meet K. O. Chaney at Philadelphia as soon as Sammy Harris says he will accept the match for Chaney.

By his knockout victory over Waldo Patterson at Chillicothe, O., June 6, Alex Novecky will get himself a good match in Columbus. Two Columbus promoters are trying to match Novecky with Tony Zill. Novecky stopped Patterson in the seventh round. Novecky scaled 134 pounds, Patterson 136.

Jimmy Shevlin, popular Cincinnati promoter, has opened the Elmwood Arena. Elmwood is a Cincinnati suburb. Shevlin proposes to pull off some high class matches during the summer months.

Norm Genet and Kid Clark boxed a ten-round draw at Fort Hayes, Columbus Barracks, O., May 31. The men are middleweights.

Bob Vincent, young heavyweight, who is in Biddy Bishop's stable, got his first start recently at Covington, Ky. It was a four-round affair with Dave Click of Springfield, O., and Vincent made a good showing.

Frank Rappold, manager for Speedy Sparks of Cincinnati, is anxious to match his southpaw with Johnny Wilson.

## CHICAGO NOTES

**By ART WINCH**

Jimmy Anderson, the Newsboy lightweight, is under the management of Art Winch, trainer of Charlie White, leading lightweight contender. Since Anderson hooked up with Winch, he has defeated Eddie Raynor, Johnny McCarthy and Johnny Lewis. Winch is nursing Anderson along, as he thinks he will make a good boy out of him in a short time.

Anderson is a good crowd pleaser as he fights every second from the gong to gong. Local boxing clubs are after his services, as he has a big following among the newsboys, who are praising him for his fine work.

Eddie Stanton, manager of Willie Green, is back here after a tour around the country. He is gathering a stable of boxers. Stanton had Tommy Murray, the Philadelphia bantam, here last month, for a ten round bout with Eddie Anderson. He held Anderson to a draw. Stanton has also sigeed up Jimmy Finley, 140 pounder, from Louisville.

Bill Tate, Kid Howard's heavyweight battler, is in strict training. He is getting in shape for several matches his manager has for him this month. A match has been arranged for Tate with Harry Wills at Buffalo to a decision this month. This bout will decide for the color heavyweight championship.

Jack Eile, New York junior lightweight, is making Chicago his home. He wonders why it is that he cannot get a match with some of the leading boys at his weight. He is now under the management of Larrey Litchenstein, who has also Jimmy Clabby.

Sammy Mandell, who recently defeated Joie Sanger at Milwaukee, is receiving many offers for his services. Manager Eddie Long is after big game for Mandell. Bud Taylor, Terre Haute bantamweight, who is also under the management of Eddie Long, is after a match with Pancho Villa, the flyweight champion. Milwaukee is after the match, for the Ice Palace, and Tom Andrews is dickering for it.

Frankie Jummatti, local bantamweight, is wondering why he cannot get a chance with some good boys around here. Jummatti has boxed every good bantam in the country, and he always gives the fans their money's worth. Jummatti recently boxed Pal Moore and Babe Asher, and made a big hit.

Navy Roston, Joliet middleweight, is kept busy by his manager, Sig Hart, former manager of Jack Johnson. Navy recently boxed Johnny Karr, Jock Malone, Johnny Sach, and now is after a match with Harry Greb.

## BALTIMORE COMMENT

**By James Raymond Price**

Word comes from Philadelphia that George Chaney, the Knockout King, has been barred from boxing in that city. Chaney recently was disqualified when he fouled Danny Kramer in a bout at the National League Baseball Park and Director Cortelyou, of the Department of Public Safety, took steps to prohibit Chaney's future appearance in the Quaker City.

"Fighting Bob" Garcia handed Tommy Noble, the English featherweight a licking here on June 6th, but the judges gave the foreigner a draw at the end of the scrap. Garcia battered Noble all over the ring and had a decided edge in eight of the twelve rounds. The decision was one of the poorest handed down here in recent years.

Benny Schwartz defeated Battling Murray, Philadelphia flyweight in their 12-round bout at the Gayety Theatre. Schwartz fought a careful fight for the first few rounds, but gradually warmed up to his task and forced the Quaker to break ground during the latter stages of the mill. Schwartz is being pointed toward another mill with Kid Wolfe who defeated him in their match here before the Olympia, A. C.

Eddie Burnbrock, welterweight champion of the United States Army, won on a technical knockout from Phil Bloom, of Brooklyn, when the latter's seconds threw a towel in the ring at the end of the ninth round. Bloom had taken a bad beating from the opening gong and could hardly have weathered the rest of the rounds. Burnbrock's hands are now strong again and he is ready for a strenuous summer campaign.

It appears as though Joe Belmont will have to start again at the bottom of the ladder and climb. Joe who cut quite a few capers in the 6-round theatre bouts here was rushed into star bouts with Benny Schwartz, Little Jeff and Nate Carp. He got away with Jeff all right, but Schwartz and Carp proved to be too tough. Carp gave him a bad licking and Belmont quit in the tenth round after claiming he had been fouled.

Danny Frush, the English lad, who used to make Baltimore his home some years ago, was given a shove further down the pugilistic cellar door, when Kid Kaplin, of Connecticut put him away in the sixth round. Frush was a clever boy and could hit fairly hard, but he lacked a fighter's heart and it was only through the smart managing he received at the hands of Sammy Harris that carried him to a fight with Johnny Kilbane in 1921.

# Photographs of World Famous Boxers, Past and Present

**Let us decorate the walls of your social club, your billiard parlor, your den, your gymnasium or your Fight Club.**

The Ring, Inc., America's Foremost Boxing Magazine, has the largest and best collection of fight pictures of any concern in America.

We specialize in the printing of fight pictures, photos of individuals, fight scenes of by-gone days and ring-side fight scenes of the present day.

We mail photographs to you the day your order is received, provided a money order or cash is received. Absolute Satisfaction Guaranteed or your money refunded.

If you ask for a photo not in our stock and there is any possibility of getting it, we are at your service. You name the photo, we do the rest, or we will make the choice for you.

Don't hesitate—no athletic club, billiard parlor or gymnasium should be without these famous photos.

All photos 8x10, heavy, glossy paper, ready for framing.

Among the fight scenes ready for framing, which we sell at 75 cents, are the following:

**Scenes of Fight Battles Both Past and Present**

Tom Cribb vs. Tom Molineux
Tom Hyer vs. Yankee Sullivan
Spring vs. Langan
Sullivan vs. Kilrain
Tom Sayers vs. John C. Heenan
Sullivan vs. Flood
Sharkey vs. Jeffries
Choynski vs. Jeffries
Peter Jackson vs. Peter Maher
Fitzsimmons vs. Jeffries
Corbett vs. Fitzsimmons
Ketchell vs. Johnson
Ad Wolgast vs. Willie Ritchie
Kilbane vs. Abe Attell
Corbett vs. Terry McGovern
Ad Wolgast vs. Battling Nelson
Johnson vs. Jeffries
Johnson vs. Willard
Carpentier vs. Joe Jeannette
Dempsey vs. Willard
Carpentier vs. Levinsky
Pete Herman vs. Jimmy Wilde
Dempsey vs. Carpentier
Carpentier vs. Beckett
Billy Miske vs. Jack Dempsey
Leonard vs. Kansas
Leonard vs. Richie Mitchell
Abe Goldstein vs. Johnny Buff
Joe Beckett vs. Frank Moran
Battling Siki vs. Georges Carpentier
Luis Firpo vs. Bill Brennan
Joe Beckett vs. Dick Smith
Jack Dempsey vs. Fred Fulton
Harry Grebe vs. Gene Tunney
Mickey Walker vs. Jack Britton
Benny Leonard vs. Evers Hammer
Lew Tendler vs. Benny Leonard
Georges Carpentier vs. Marcel Nilles
Jack Dempsey vs. Bill Brennan
Joe Lynch vs. Pal Moore
Jack Britton vs. Benny Leonard
Pete Herman vs. Johnny Buff
Benny Leonard vs. Joe Welling
Mike O'Dowd vs. Johnny Wilson
Abe Goldstein vs. Pancho Villa
Ted Kid Lewis vs. Johnny Basham
Luis Firpo vs. Jack McAuliffe
Fred Fulton vs. Jack Renault
Jess Willard vs. Floyd Johnson
Johnny Dundee vs. Jack Bernstein
Johnny Kilbane vs. Eugene Criqui

**Pose Pictures of Fighters Both Past and Present—Price, 75 Cents**

Terry McGovern vs. Battling Nelson
Jim Jeffries vs. Jim Corbett
Joe Gans vs. Packy McFarland
Jim Jeffries vs. Tommy Ryan
Young Corbett vs. Terry McGovern
Jim Jeffries vs. Tom Sharkey
Tommy Ryan vs. Jim Dineen
Terry McGovern vs. Frank Erne
Terry McGovern vs. Eddie Hanlon
Jack Johnson vs. Terry McGovern
Jim Jeffries vs. Bob Fitzsimmons
Jem Belcher vs. Tom Cribb
Daniel Mendoza vs. George Humphries
Young Corbett vs. Aurelio Herrera
Jim Jeffries vs. Bob Armstrong
Joe Jeanette vs. Jim Stewart
Tommy Murphy vs. Dick Hyland
Pat O'Keefe vs. Owen Moran
Johnny Summers vs. Owen Moran
Tom Johnson vs. Isaac Perrins
Charley White vs. Rocky Kansas

**Prints Containing More Than One Photo, 75 Cents a Print**

Joe Rivers and Ad Wolgast
Jack Slack and Bill Richmond
Billy Edwards and George Siddon
Jack Dillon and Tommy Ryan—Jim Dineen Sparring
Benny Yanger and Tom Sharkey—Terry McGovern sparring, and Frank Erne and John L. Sullivan—Jake Kilrain sparring
Bob Fitzsimmons and Battling Nelson
Jack Johnson and Harry Wills
Joe Jeannette and Young Pete Jackson
George Dixon and Joe Gans and Joe Wolcott
George Godfrey and Frank Craig
Tommy Ryan and Harlem Tommy Murphy
Marvin Hart and Billy Papke
Leach Cross with sparring partner
Jack Johnson with sparring partner
Picture of Exhibition Sparring Bout
Sparring Match at London, England, 1743.

**Wrestling Pictures, 75 Cents**

Strangler Lewis vs. Stanislaus Zbysko
Frank Gotch vs. Hackenschmidt
Joe Stecher in training
George Calza in training
Stanislaus Zbysko in training

**INDIVIDUAL FIGHT PICTURES, 50 CENTS EACH**

Abe Attell
Tom Allen
Jack Ashton
Jack Blackburn
Jack Broughton
Joe Burman
Jack Britton
Bill Brennan
Jack Bernstein
Joe Butler
Arthur Chambers
Joe Coburn
Tom Cribb
Jimmy Carroll
Frank Craig
Young Corbett
James J. Corbett
Georges Carpentier
George Chip
Dan Creedon
Dan Donnelly
Jack Dempsey
Jack Dillon
Johnny Dundee
Nonpareil Jack Dempsey
Prof. Mike Donovan
John Donaldson
George Dixon
Frank Erne
Billy Edwards
Luis Firpo
Elino Flores
Bob Fitzsimmons
Frankie Genaro
Joe Goss
Harry Greb
Joe Gans
Young Griffo
Charley Griffin
Johnny Griffin
Tom Gibbons
Louis Guglemini
Mike Gibbons
Geo. Godfrey
Harry Harris
Marvin Hart
Pete Herman
Battling Hurley
Alex Hart
M. Hore
Floyd Johnson
Young Peter Jackson
Joe Jeannette
Jack Johnson
Peter Jackson
James J. Jeffries
Frank Klaus
Stanley Ketchell
Johnny Kilbane
Tom King
Tommy Kelly
Willie Lewis
Danny Lee
Battling Levinsky
Nat Langham
Sam Langford
Benny Leonard
Joe Lynch
George LeBlanche
George Lavigne
Ted "Kid" Lewis
Joe Lennon
Mike McTigue
Terry McGovern
Al McCoy
Dominick McCaffrey
Jack McAuliffe
Kid McCoy
Tom Molineaux
Daniel Mendoza
Peter Maher
Battling Nelson
Billy Papke
Pedlar Palmer
Billy Plimmer
Dido Plumb
Willie Ritchie
Tommy Ryan
Joe Rivers
Paddy Slavin
Jack Renault
Midget Smith
Erminio Spalla
Tom Sharkey
Steve Taylor
Lew Tendler
Clonie Tait
Carl Termaine
Andy Thomas
Dave Shade
Tom Sayers
Freddie Walsh
Ad Wolgast
Joe Walcott
Tommy West
Jess Willard
Kid Williams
Harry Wills
Jimmy Wilde
Johnny Wilson
Charlie White
Ike O'Neil Weir
Pancho Villa
Johnny Curtin
Georgie Ward

Money order or certified check must accompany all orders. No orders mailed C. O. D.

## THE RING PHOTO DEPARTMENT

16th Street and Seventh Avenue — NEW YORK CITY

# An Offer to the Trade

THE RING will expand its field by publishing annually the "Ring Boxing Record Book."

This book will be the best and most accurate guide ever placed on the market. It will contain 400 pages and will be vest pocket size with heavy cloth covers in two colors.

150,000 copies will be published and the first issue will be on the market on January 10, 1924.

## Our Offer!!

Dealers in sporting goods—give us your order now for 1,000 copies of this great guide containing your advertisement on the cover page. The best and cheapest New Year's gift you can furnish your patrons.

Dealers in any other goods—Let us make 1,000 or more of these record books for your concern at a rate only two cents per copy above our cost price. Place your advertisement on the cover and watch your sales increase 100 fold by offering these books as a premium.

## For the Fighter!!

Let us place your photo on the cover of this record book. We will print a cover for any boxer desiring to buy the spaces.

## In Addition

We will use 150 photos of present-day fighters in our record book. For each photo printed we will charge $15, payable in advance.

To insure having your record and photo in our new guide, send us your money order now. First come, first served.

Don't regret your mistake later. Buy your space now!

# M. B. BROWN PRINTING & BINDING COMPANY

395 LAFAYETTE STREET — NEW YORK CITY — 37-41 CHAMBERS STREET

LARGEST TICKET MANUFACTURERS
IN THE UNITED STATES
for SPORTING EVENTS

SAMPLES and QUOTATIONS
for ALL KINDS OF PRINTING
GLADLY FURNISHED